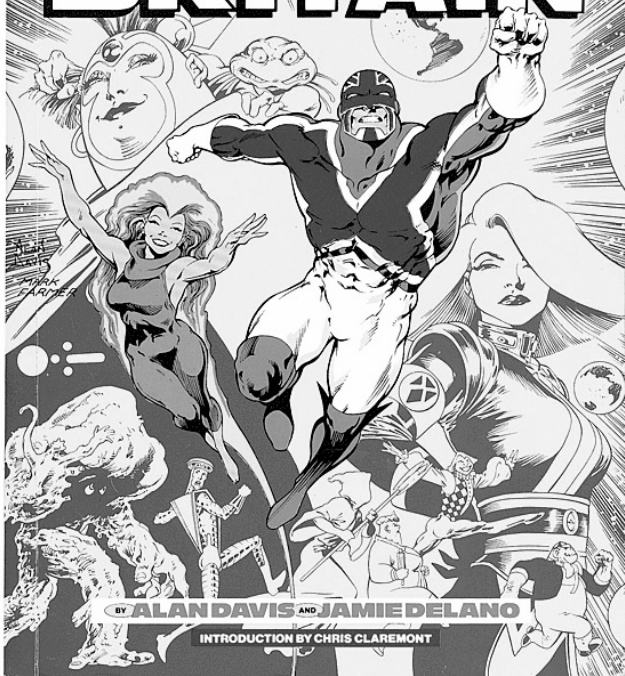


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BEFORE EX-CALIBUR ...

Captain BRITAIN™



BY ALAN DAVIS AND JAMIE DELANO

INTRODUCTION BY CHRIS CLAREMONT

Captain BRITAIN™

BY
ALAN DAVIS
AND
JAMIE DELANO

**DIPPED IN MAGIC,
CLOTHED IN SCIENCE ...**

MARVEL®

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INTRODUCTION

Once upon a time, O best beloved – and a very, very long time ago it was, way back in the happy, halcyon, innocent days before Thatcher and Reagan when some of us were a lot younger than we care now to admit – Marvel Comics, in its infinite corporate wisdom, came up with the notion of producing an original series of comics for the UK market. Instead of publishing reprints of already extant American material, or distributing the current run of US titles, we'd do a series about Britons, set in Britain and published in Britain. To compete with a hefty collection of weekly British comic magazines, we'd create a – hopefully – top-drawer hero, in the tradition of Captain America, who would spearhead Marvel's drive for international dominance. Because a flagship figure was wanted for this flagship book, the character was christened **CAPTAIN BRITAIN**. Thing was, in those Dark Ages – before anyone Over Here knew quite what was what Over There – nobody was sure if there were writers and artists who could handle Marvel-type characters and Marvel-type stories, especially since the creative editing on the book would be handled in New York (no faxing back then, and no international Federal Express either, which meant the deadline pressures would be horrendous). So, I was tapped to create the character and write the series (hey, I'm a Londoner by birth, they figured that must count for something, right?) and Herb Trimpe – who at the time was living in Cornwall (and who was, and is, not only an ace at meeting deadlines, but also one of the best story-tellers in the business, and an absolute prince to work with) – was chosen to pencil it.

I lasted ten issues, Herb not much longer, and my favourite memory of the whole experience was a review in the *Financial Times* – one I've treasured ever since – which described the premiere issue as a "farrago of illiterate SF nonsense."

That was then, this is now and, as the saying goes, things have changed.

Homegrown, world-class British talent – heirs to the legacy of Frank Hampson, Frank Bellamy, Jim Holdaway, Sidney Jordan, Peter O'Donnell (to name but a few of the artists and writers whose work I remember – and treasure – from my youth) – had come on the scene with a vengeance, their dynamic, exciting, occasionally ground-breaking, work building a passionate following Over There



and attracting the attention of the US publishers. John Bolton, Brian Bolland, Pat Mills, Joe Colquhoun, Mick McMahon, Kevin O'Neill, Dave Gibbons, Ian Gibson, Garry Leach, David Lloyd, Steve Dillon, Paul Neary, Alan Moore – to name an enthusiastic handful – in series like CHARLEY'S WAR, JUDGE DREDD, NEMESIS THE WARLOCK, V FOR VENDETTA, and LASER ERASER AND PRESS-BUTTON.

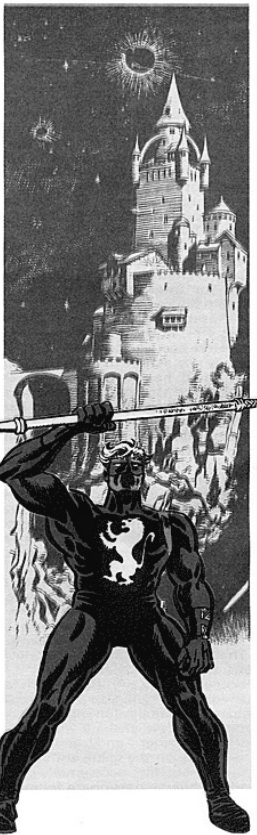
Oh yes, and, among that cavalcade, Alan Davis and **CAPTAIN BRITAIN**.

Over the years since his debut, the poor Captain more or less floundered. Costume changes, role changes – super hero action adventure segueing sideways into outright fantasy and science fiction – but nothing had ever seemed to jell. Then, in the early eighties, Marvel UK editor Paul Neary (multi-talented rogue that he is) banged heads with Alan Davis and set about trying to define and then fulfil the potential they felt existed within the character. From that new beginning, and later with the teaming of Alan Davis and writer Alan Moore, the series took off like nobody's business – and hasn't looked back since.

What you have here is a compendium of the final seventeen instalments of Cap's UK run – for although a critical knockout, there just never seemed to be a sufficient audience to make his title viable. It begins with *Bad Moon Rising* – the aftermath of the classic *Jaspers Warp* storyline that had run the previous year (and which remains to my mind one of the most emotionally powerful stories Alan Moore has ever written) – and concludes with *Should Auld Acquaintance*... And what do you get along the way? The formal introduction and evolution of Cap's lover, Meggan. The Crazy Gang. Vixen. Gatecrasher and her Technet. The final confrontation between Cap and his arch-foe Slaymaster. Yet another Saturnyne. The Warpies. The RCX. King Croc and some shocking revelations about Brian's older brother, Jamie. Love and death, honour and glory, triumph and tragedy. And, of course, tea (and sympathy) at the Scott house.

Not to mention, some superb scripting by Jamie Delano – and last, but far from least, the art of Alan Davis.

When you create a character and a series – regardless of whether it's for yourself or a company, whether you own it or they do – a soft spot always remains. No matter how dumb the book or awkward the situation, these people are some small part of you and you can't ever look at them down the line (after you and they have parted



ways) without feeling some small twinge of nostalgia and perhaps a sense of sadness, because (in your heart of hearts) it isn't being done as well as you could do it, and you feel sorry for them because they're being so short-changed. But, occasionally, you come back to a character and series and discover quite the opposite. Whatever you did, whatever you had in mind when you set characters and events in motion, is nothing compared to what's happening today.

Such, to my delight, was the case with Cap. I almost didn't recognise Brian Braddock, and confess I never suspected he had such potential in him. Proud, headstrong (to a fault), heroic in spite of himself, painfully aware of his flaws, no less human for all his power and the responsibilities it thrusts upon him, he could be a royal pain in the butt, yet also someone a reader could empathise with and root for. I saw characters I'd created ages ago – such as Bri's twin sister, Betsy, and CID Commander Dai Thomas – totally changed, and all the better for it. I liked the people and I liked the book and my reaction at the end of each story was, what the heck comes next? And, being a greedy, acquisitive sod, I couldn't wait for the chance to play with them myself.

However, the lion's share of the credit must go to Alan Davis. One of the absolute joys of comics – as both a profession and an art form – is that it allows you to work in collaboration with other people. There's a school of thought which says that the creative process is best served when there is only a single artistic mind involved from start to finish – the same person writing and pencilling and inking a story, giving it an absolute coherence of vision. There's something to be said for that. But there is also something to be said for the collaborative effort. A synthesis of the talents and creative instincts of a writer, a penciller and an editor, wherein what emerges may not be the pristine product of a single mind but may instead – when all the elements *click* – be a whole which is far greater than the sum of its parts. There's an excitement, an effervescence, to bouncing ideas off collaborators that quite frankly isn't there when you're working by yourself. Because that other mind, coming from different perceptions, with a different creative agenda, can quite suddenly take the story off in directions you might never have dreamed of – which in turn might spark you to go off on a completely different tangent yourself. In a collaboration, there's more of a sense of the unexpected. Out of the respect you hold for your collaborator, you want to do the



best possible work you're capable of – come up with a story that'll make him want to draw his socks off – so that when those inspired pencils come back to you for scripting, you pick up on the penciller's enthusiasm and try to match or top him with your script. Best pushing best pushing best – with the reader being the final benefactor.

In my career, I've had the ridiculous good fortune to work with many of the finest artists in the business. Without question, Alan Davis stands in the top rank, among the very best. Story-telling, characterisation, draftsmanship, imagination – he not only excels in every category, he gets better as he goes along. He's the kind of penciller of whom a writer can ask virtually anything – any setting, any emotion, any scene – with the supreme confidence that you'll get what you asked for, as well as, or better then, you imagined it. He can do an action sequence or a quiet scene, people in costumes or in civilian clothes, moments of high drama or base comedy, Earth or the furthest reaches of Outer Space (not to mention the Outer Hebrides), science fiction, super-heroes or fantasy human beings or alien critters. In fact, hyperbole aside, I've yet to discover anything he *can't* draw (and not for want of trying, either!) Every time I get to the end of each segment of pages he's sent me to write, I find myself frantic with anticipation to see what comes next. On top of that, he's one of the nicest, most considerate of people to work with – and that's a rare charm in an industry where unbridled lunacy is the norm.

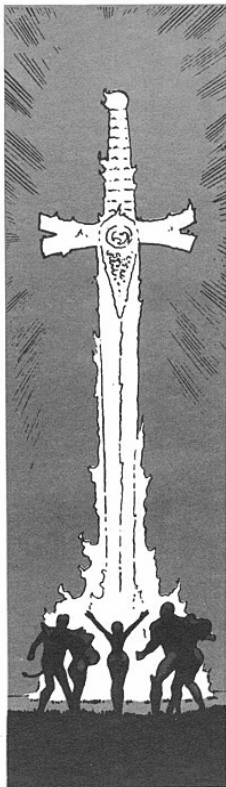
So, in a very real sense, what you have here is about as good as this genre gets – top-notch stories, evocatively told, about people you care for and villains you can easily love to hate, with endings that move you. The power of simplicity. An entertainment.

Doesn't seem like all that much, really – till you try to do one yourself.

You see, the only thing more fun than reading Alan's work, is getting to work *with* him. The work of Dave Thorpe, Alan Moore and Jamie Delano – and Alan Davis himself, who wrote the last two issues (and that really was *not* a very nice thing to do to Betsy, Alan) – has blazed some pretty wild trails and set some pretty high standards. It's a challenge to live up to them.

And a pleasure.

CHRIS CLAREMONT
New York City
September 1988



**Captain
BRITAIN**

MARCH 18TH 1984.

THE FULL MOON'S GENTLE LIGHT WASHES THE ROOFTOPS LIKE SILVER RAIN, SILHOUETTING A LONE FIGURE AGAINST LONDON'S GLITTERING SKYLINE.

HE HAS TRAVELLED THE COSMOS, HELPED SAVE THE UNIVERSE AND SEEN THINGS WE CAN ONLY DREAM OF. HE IS MORE THAN A MAN, HE IS A HERO...

**Captain
BRITAIN**

BAD MOON RISING

"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE JUST HOW PEACEFUL THINGS HAVE BEEN."

"SIX MONTHS AGO I FELT I WAS BEING DRIVEN MAD - SLAYMASTER, SATURNINE, THE SPECIAL EXECUTIVE... JASPER... AND THE FURY. SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN ONE SHORT YEAR."



"BUT NOW, NOW IT ALL SEEMS A LIFETIME AWAY."



"EVERYTHING HAS RETURNED TO NORMAL. JUST AS ROMA SAID, THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS WOULD NOT TOLERATE THE JASPER WARP. REALITY IS REPAIRING ITSELF."

"EVERYONE HAS FORGOTTEN THE NIGHTMARE. IT'S LIKE AN EPIDEMIC OF AMNESIA."

"WELL, ALMOST EVERYONE... BETSY REMEMBERS."

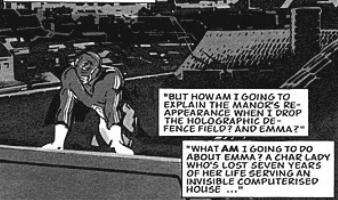
"POOR BETSY, SHE STILL HASN'T FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE PSYCHIC SHOCK SHE FELT AS TOM LENNOX DIED."



"AND CAPTAIN UK, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM LINDA SINCE WE ARRIVED BACK ON EARTH. SHE MUST BE AS BUSY AS I AM, ORGANISING HER LIFE, TRYING TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF IT ALL."

"FORTUNATELY, THE CAVERN COMPUTER HAS RECOVERED FROM THE FURY'S PSIONIC DRAIN. I'LL NEED ITS HELP TO GET THE ESTATE IN ORDER."

"BETSY AND ALISON WILL WANT TO STAY THERE AFTER THEIR RETREAT WITH VICTORIA BENTLEY."

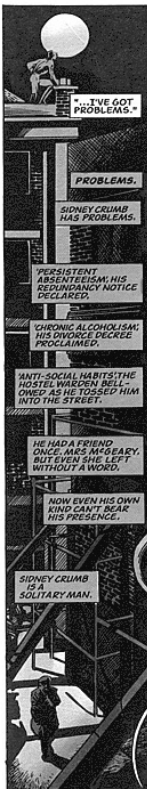


"BUT HOW AM I GOING TO EXPLAIN THE MANOR'S RE-APPEARANCE WHEN I DROP THE HOLOGRAPHIC DEFENCE FIELD? AND EMMA?"

"WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT EMMA? A CHAR LADY WHO'S LOST SEVEN YEARS OF HER LIFE SERVING AN INVISIBLE COMPUTERISED HOUSE ..."

"IT'S NO GOOD... I THOUGHT A BREAK FROM THE MANOR MIGHT CLEAR MY HEAD, BUT THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT..."





"...I'VE GOT PROBLEMS."

PROBLEMS.

SIDNEY CRUMB HAS PROBLEMS.

'PERSISTENT ABSENTEEISM; HIS REDUNDANCY NOTICE DECLARED.

'CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM; HIS DIVORCE DECREE PROCLAIMED.

'ANTI-SOCIAL HABITS; THE HOSTEL WARDEN BELL-OWED AS HE TOSSED HIM INTO THE STREET.

HE HAD A FRIEND ONCE, MRS M'GEARY, BUT EVEN SHE LEFT WITHOUT A WORD.

NOW EVEN HIS OWN KIND CAN'T BEAR HIS PRESENCE.

SIDNEY CRUMB IS A SOLITARY MAN.



IT'S JUST A BIT O' RASH! I AIN'T NO 'SMELLY DISEASED FLEABAG,' IT'S JUST THE WIND'S HARD ON ME OLD SKIN.

DAMN THE HOSTEL, THROWIN' ME OUT AS SOON AS IT GETS A BIT WARM. I AIN'T UP TO SLEEPIN' ROUGH NO MORE.



AWH NO!

THEM BLEEDIN' SNIFFERS. THEY MESSED ME STUP UP AGAIN, IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME, NO RESPECT.

I'LL CATCH 'EM, SORT 'EM OUT I WILL!



SIDNEY CRUMB IS A SOLITARY MAN. HE DRINKS TO FORGET BECAUSE THERE IS NOTHING HE WANTS TO REMEMBER.



BUT NO AMOUNT OF DRINK WILL MAKE HIM FORGET THIS NIGHT...

WASSAT?

...BECAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS ADULT LIFE...



REEEE

...HE IS SUDDENLY VERY, VERY SOBER.



HE REACTS
WITHOUT
HESITATION.



EAGER TO USE
HIS POWER.

ROOWR

TO FEEL THE THRILL
HE'S LONGED FOR
THROUGHOUT
THESE IDLE MONTHS.



HE THROWS CAUTION
TO THE WIND...

UP



AND IS TOSSED ASIDE BY
A SWIRLING TORNADO
THAT EVAPORATES IN THE
SPECTRAL GLOOM.



ARE YOU
OKAY? DID
THAT THING
HURT YOU?

GERROF, I'M
ALRIGHT. JUST NEED A
DRINK TO STEADY ME
NERVES. IT WERE ONE
A' THEM SNIFFER KIDS.
STUFF TURNS 'EM
INTA MANIACS
IT DOES.

NEAR SCARED
ME T'DEATH HE DID!
TRIED TO KILL ME,
CLAWIN' AND BITIN'
LIKE A BLEEDIN'
ANIMAL!



NO, WHATEVER
IT WAS THAT
ATTACKED YOU,
IT WASN'T
HUMAN.

IT WAS
TOO FAST, TOO
STRONG. IT
ALMOST BROKE
MY RIBS - NOT
EVEN A CRAZED
HUMAN IS
THAT
STRONG!

AN JUST
WOT D'YA
THINK YOU
ARE, Y'BIG
PONCE?

THINK YOU'RE
A SUPERHERO
OR SOMETHIN'?



I'D SUGGEST YOU
LEAVE AND FIND
SOMEWHERE
TO SPEND THE
NIGHT.

I'M GOING
AFTER IT.
WHATEVER
IT WAS.

THERE Y'GO.
'CLEAF OFF' HE
SEZ, IT'S ALWAYS
THE SAME,
NO ONE CARES.

"IT'S HERE
SOMEWHERE,
I CAN SENSE
A PRESENCE."

THERE IS NO MOVE-
MENT, NO SOUND.
THE SILENCE IS
DEAFENING.

THE MOON CLOUDS HER MEMORY, OTHER-
WISE SHE MIGHT RECALL ANOTHER TIME,
A DIFFERENT PLACE, AN ALTERNATE REALITY.

DADDY WILLIAMS SAID
HE SEEN THE CAPTAIN
ONCE, WHEN HE BATTLED
THAT VILLAIN IN THE
COMIC SHOP. SAID HE
FOUGHT LIKE A
WILD THING.

HE'LL MAKE MINCEMEAT OF
THESE THUGS.

HE'S
A REAL
HERO.

DO YOU
REALLY THINK
HE'LL COME AND
FREE US?

THERE'S
NO ONE ELSE,
SUE.

SOMETHING
WEIRD'S GOING ON
OUT THERE. THREE
MONTHS WE BEEN IN
HERE AND NO FULL
MOON. IT'S CRAZY!

COME
OUT, LET'S
TALK!

MEGGAN?
WHY DO YOU
LOOK FORWARD
TO THE FULL
MOON SO...?

I DON'T, SUE.
I SWEAR, REALLY
I DON'T!

I
DREAD
IT!

SHE HURTS.
TRYING TO REMEMBER
HURTS, TRYING TO THINK
HURTS.





"WHY DID SHE RUN? SHE SEEMED TO RECOGNISE ME JUST BEFORE SHE STOPPED ATTACKING... SHE WAS TERRIFIED... BUT WHY?"

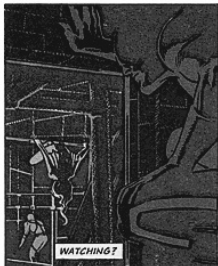
"SHE WASN'T TRYING TO ESCAPE, I CAN STILL SENSE HER PRESENCE NEARBY."

"BUT IT'S NOT AS IF SHE'S PREPARING TO ATTACK AGAIN."

"SHE'S JUST WATCHING."



WATCHING.



WATCHING?



ALRIGHT!
WHO THE...



WHO ARE YOU?

MICKY... AND SHE'S MY SISTER, JOSIE... IT'S MEGGAN. SHE... WE... WE...

WE LOOK AFTER MEGGAN. SHE LIVES HERE. SHE HAS DONE FOR MONTHS. WE'RE HER FRIENDS.

WE BRING HER THINGS AND HELP TO KEEP HER CALM WHEN THE MOON'S FULL.



MEGGAN? WHEN THE MOON'S FULL...?

YOU MEAN SHE'S A WERE-WOLF?

DON'T BE SILLY. SHE SAYS SHE'S A MUTANT, LIKE THEY HAVE IN AMERICA, BUT THE FULL MOON MAKES HER GO A BIT CRAZY.

SHE'S NICE REALLY, BUT THAT TRAMP SHE SAID HE STANK, LIKE A DEAD ANIMAL.

SHE COULDN'T BEAR IT, SHE JUST WENT WILD.

SHE WATCHES FROM THE DARK,
THROUGH THE BLINDING PAIN.

SHE SEES THE
CAPTAIN AND
HER FRIENDS,
BUT HE IS
HURTING THEM.

MEGGAN... HERE
DUMB MONKEYS. THE
FRIENDS THINKS TO
CALM MOON... BULLY
MUTANT HAVE TO GO
MORPH A LITTLE NICE
ST AND DEAD... WHO?

HE'S THE HERO, BUT HE'S
HURTING HER FRIENDS.

SHE IS CONFUSED,
AND THE CON-
FUSION HURTS.

SKREEEE

WAIT!

MEGGAN!
STOP...

PLEASE,
MEGGAN,
STOP!

BUT SHE CAN NO LONGER
HEAR, SHE HAS SURRENDERED
TO THE PAIN THAT CLOUDS
HER SENSES.

THERE IS ONLY
THE PAIN.

THRUUUU

SKREEEK

RUN,
MICKY!



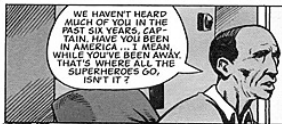
Tea and Sympathy



MRS SCOTT...
I'M SORRY TO
INTRUDE... I'VE COME
TO APOLOGISE.

I'M RESPONSIBLE
FOR YOUR SON'S
DEATH.















JUNE 6TH, 1984.



*In
All The
Old Familiar
Places...*



OH BRIAN!
I'M SO GLAD TO
BE HOME.

IT'S GOOD
TO HAVE YOU
BACK, BETSY.

YOU TOO,
ALISON. HOW
ARE YOU? YOU
LOOK WELL.

I AM VERY
WELL, THANK
YOU, BRIAN.

MISS
BETSY...

VICTORIA
BENTLEY POSSESSES
REMARKABLE SKILLS.
MY HEALTH IMPROVES
DAILY.

OO, MISS BETSY,
YOU'RE BACK. AND
YOU LOOK LOVELY.
JUST LOVELY...



EMMA,
YOU'RE...

BACK
TO NORMAL.
I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER.

...A LITTLE PEEKY.
MAYBE, BUT I'LL SOON
FATTEN YOU UP. I'VE
BAKED A CAKE. YOUR
FAVOURITE.
WALNUT CREAM.



DON'T FUSS,
EMMA...

AND DON'T SAY
YOU'RE DIETING.
FASHION MODELS,
YOU'RE ALL THE SAME.
ALWAYS DIETING.

BRIAN!
HURRY UP.
YOU'RE ON
TELLY
NEXT.

WHO...?



THAT'S
MEGGAN.

SHE'S STAYING
HERE FOR A
WHILE. BUT I'D
BETTER WARN
YOU, SHE'S...



BEAUTIFUL.

...LIKE AN
IRRIDESCENT
BUTTERFLY.

WHAT?!

A LITTLE
UNUSUAL...



HER
AURA...

COME
ON, COME
ON!

...AND VERY
EXCITABLE.

MEGGAN...



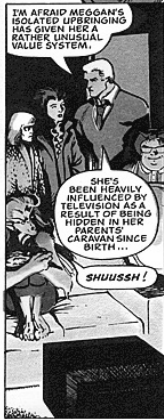
MEGGAN,
THIS IS MY
SISTER,
BETSY, AND
HER FRIEND
ALISON
DOUBLE...

HI...

YOU'D BETTER HURRY
OR YOU'LL MISS
BRIAN'S BIG BREAK.
HE'S GOING TO
BE FAMOUS.



IMAGINE
SOMEONE I KNOW
GETTING ON
THE TELLY.



I'M AFRAID MEGGAN'S
ISOLATED UPBRINGING
HAS GIVEN HER A
RATHER UNUSUAL
VALUE SYSTEM.

SHE'S
BEEN HEAVILY
INFLUENCED BY
TELEVISION AS A
RESULT OF BEING
HIDDEN IN HER
PARENTS' CARAVAN SINCE
BIRTH...

SHUUSSH!



KIM
CLARKE HAS
THE STORY.

...BUT ONE OF TODAY'S MORE
INTERESTING STORIES IS THE
RESTORATION OF BRADDOCK MANOR
BY THE RECENTLY-RETURNED
YOUNG SQUIRE, BRIAN
BRADDOCK.



ON THE 9TH OF
FEBRUARY 1977, A
MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION
ROCKED THIS BEAUTIFUL
ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE,
DEVASTATING THE
EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL
MANOR...

IT WAS JUST
ONE MORE INCIDENT
IN THE COLOURFUL
TAPESTRY THAT IS
THE MANOR'S HIS-
TORY. IT ALL BEGAN
IN 1685...



COME ON KIM.
HURRY UP.

LET'S SEE
BRIAN.

PATIENCE,
MEGGAN.



BUT IF
YOU'RE NOT ON
SOON I'LL MISS
A BIT OF
CROSSROADS.



OVER A YEAR AGO, IN A WORLD YET TO TWIST AND DARKEN, HE HAD WALKED THESE CORRIDORS WITH A WOMAN FROM AN EARTH THAT DIED.

THEY SPOKE OF THE FUTURE, OF THE FEAR,

OF THE ANARCHY, AND THE DEATH.

THAT TIME HAS PASSED, BUT THE NIGHTMARE LINGERS.

...VICTORIA MADE ME STRONG AGAIN, BUT I CAN'T FORGET...

...ALL OF THE JASPER'S MADNESS... THE REALITY WARP... THE CAMP...

LOSING TOM, IT STILL HURTS.

WE WERE PSYCHICALLY LINKED WHEN HE DIED.

I FELT HIS DEATH, WRENCHING... EMPTY.

NOW, YOU SAID YOU WOULD EXPLAIN ABOUT EMMA.

YES, WE KNEW THE COMPUTER HAD ORIGINALLY BRAINWASHED EMMA TO SERVE IT AND THAT SHE HAD GROWN TO RELY ON IT FOR SOME PRETTY BASIC FUNCTIONS.

WHICH IS WHY WE HAD TO LEAVE HER IN ITS CARE WHEN WE FLED TO LONDON.

WHAT WE DIDN'T REALISE WAS THAT, SOMEHOW, THE COMPUTER HAD GROWN "FOND" OF EMMA.

IT TOOK ALMOST SIX WEEKS TO RELEASE HER FROM ITS CONTROL.

THE PROBLEM WAS TO RESTORE THE ABILITY FOR VOLUNTARY ACTION, HER BASIC INDIVIDUALITY, WITHOUT CAUSING TRAUMA FROM THE SEPARATION.

SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT HER ENSLAVEMENT, BUT HAS OCCASIONALLY COMPLAINED OF A FEELING OF LOSS...

LIKE THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND, I CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN IT.

THEY HAD BEEN TOGETHER FOR SEVEN YEARS, BRIAN, AND THEY WERE ALONE, THE OUTSIDE WORLD BELIEVED THE MANOR WAS DESTROYED, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BIT LIKE BEING MARRIED.

MAYBE, ANYWAY, SHE SEEMS TO BE CONTENT TO STAY AT THE MANOR, EVEN THOUGH MEGGAN WORRIES HER A BIT AND THERE ARE SOME "WEIRD GOINGS ON."

SHE HAS NOWHERE ELSE TO GO, NO LIVING RELATIVES. SHE'S ALWAYS LIVED HERE, EVER SINCE WE WERE KIDS, IT'S HER HOME. SHE'S ONE OF THE FAMILY.



IT'S ALRIGHT, BETSY. THEY ARE THE COMPUTER'S SOLID-LIGHT HOLOGRAMS, REPAIRING THE SUBSIDENCE DAMAGE I MENTIONED EARLIER.

SOLID-LIGHT HOLOGRAMS?

YES, JUST LIKE THE COMPUTER'S PHYSICAL PROJECTION MASTERMIND,

THAT WAS THE LASER-FIRING GIANT WHICH ATTACKED ME WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED THE MANOR WAS INTACT BEHIND THE HOLOGRAPHIC FIELD.

THESE ARE MORE SOPHISTICATED,

AND FRIENDLY, NOW THAT THE COMPUTER'S ON OUR SIDE!



I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND THE PHYSICS INVOLVED, BUT...

BETSY?



NOT AGAIN.

SURRENDER!

STAY BACK, BETSY.



HE HAD BEEN CAUGHT OFF-GUARD.

WITHOUT HIS UNIFORM, THE AMPLIFIER OF LATENT PROWESS.

BUT CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN...

OR THE
HERO.





ZEEEEEET-



THEY'RE
GONE, BETSY.
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

I WILL
BE...
JUST
DRAINED.

HOW...
WHAT DID
YOU DO?



I'VE GROWN,
BRIAN. VICTORIA
SHOWED ME HOW
TO USE TOM'S
DEATH...

...WHO
WERE YOUR
ATTACKERS?



I DON'T KNOW.
THEY ATTACKED ME
ONCE BEFORE AND
DISAPPEARED JUST
AS QUICKLY...

I HAD JUST
MET A REALLY
REMARKABLE
WOMAN, JOAN
SCOTT...

SHE MADE ME
THINK... ACCEPT
MY SITUATION, MY
RESPONSIBILITIES.

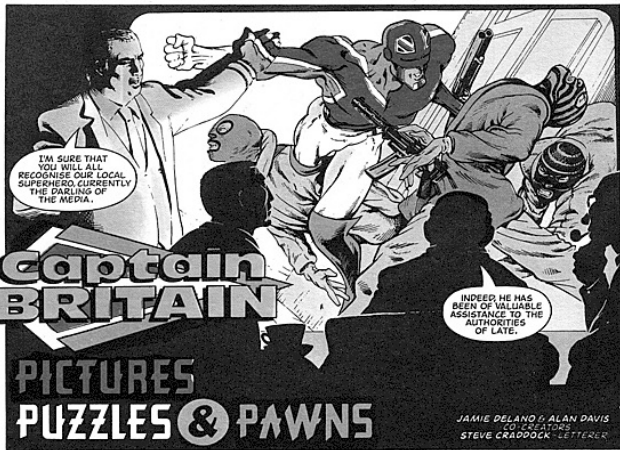
I HAD
STARTED TO
BELIEVE I
COULD LEAD A
NORMAL LIFE.



BUT
NOW...

NOW I HAVE
A HORRIBLE
FEELING THAT
THINGS ARE
BEGINNING TO GO
WRONG AGAIN.





YOU INDICATED
THAT YOU HAD NEW
AND IMPORTANT
EVIDENCE.

I HOPE THAT WE
ARE NOT TO BE TREATED
TO ANOTHER EPISODE
OF YOUR SOMEWHAT
OBSESSIVE ANTI-PATHY
TOWARDS BEINGS
OF THIS KIND.

THE DEATH
OF YOUR WIFE
WAS TRAGIC.

BUT IT
WAS AN
ACCIDENT.

HE
REMEMBERS
HER FACE.

SOFT AND EMPTY UNDER
THE HARD BRUTAL CON-
CRETE AS THE BATTLING
SUPERBEINGS MOVED ON,
CARELESSLY OBVIOUS
OF THE LIFE SNUFFED
OUT IN THEIR WAKE.

YES, AN
ACCIDENT.

DAILY
Mirror

TEENAGER CRUSHED IN WAREHOUSE TRAGEDY

AND ACCIDENTS
WILL HAPPEN. THEY
HAVE HAPPENED
BEFORE...

... THEY ARE
STARTING TO
HAPPEN AGAIN.

HE BURIES HIS WIFE'S
MEMORY AND TURNS
TO THE FACTS.

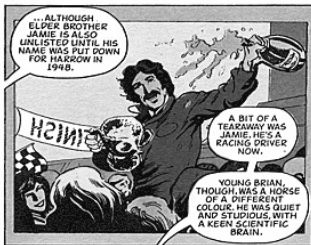
VERY WELL.
LET US MOVE TO
ANOTHER FACE THAT
HAS BEEN IN THE
NEWS, ALTHOUGH
FOR DIFFERENT
REASONS.

THIS IS THE
FACE OF BRIAN
BRADDOCK.

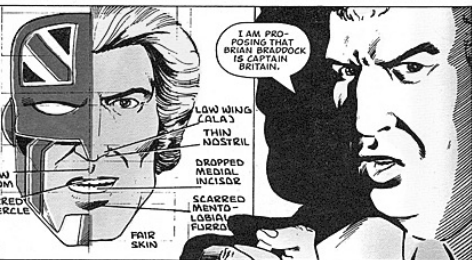
CENTRAL RECORDS TELL
US THAT BRIAN BRADDOCK
WAS BORN, WITH HIS TWIN
SISTER ELIZABETH, IN
THE EARLY HOURS OF
APRIL 23RD 1956.

THE ORIGINS OF
HIS PARENTS ARE
HARDER TO TRACE. WE
HAVE NO RECORD OF THEM
PRIOR TO 1945, WHEN
THEY PURCHASED
BRADDOCK MANOR.

OF COURSE, IT
IS POSSIBLE THAT
RECORDS WERE LOST
IN THE WAR.



- HEIGHT - 6 foot 6 ins
- WEIGHT - 16 Stone approx.
- MUSCULAR PHYSIQUE - Abnormally developed
- NECK - Sternomastoid / Trapezius
- SHOULDER - Deltoid
- BACK - Latissimus Dorsi
- SYNCHRONIC ANALYSIS -
1. Spontaneous use and application of correct Grammar
 2. Familiar use of technical and scientific terms
 3. Pronunciation and grammatical definition suggest London (Thames) University education
 4. No colloquialisms
 5. No unusual inflections





IT IS WARM BY THE FIRE.

WHAT'S THIS, BRIAN? NOT WAITING TO SEE YOURSELF ON THE BOX AGAIN, ARE YOU?

HELLO, BETSY.

IT MUST BE NICE TO BE SO FAMOUS.

BRIAN BRADDOCK, THE YOUNG SQUIRE RETURNED...



C'MON, YOU KNOW THAT THE ONLY REASON I'VE PUT MYSELF IN THE PUBLIC EYE IS TO SECURE OUR COVER.

NOT THROUGH VANITY, I ASSURE YOU.



DON'T GET ALL UPTIGHT, I WAS ONLY TEASING.

WE COULD BOTH DO WITH A BIT OF RELAXATION. I'VE JUST BEEN UP WITH MEGGAN—I DON'T THINK SHE'S USED TO BEING IN SUCH A BIG BUILDING YET.

STILL SLEEPING MOST OF THE TIME, BUT I THINK SHE'S IMPROVING.

WHAT ABOUT ALISON? HOW'S SHE?



IT'S GOOD TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN, BEE.

BEE?

WE USED TO CALL EACH OTHER THAT, DIDN'T WE, WHEN WE WERE KIDS.

IT SEEMS A LONG TIME AGO NOW. EVERYTHING SEEMS SO LONG AGO.

EVERYTHING BEFORE....



... BEFORE I LOST YOU FROM MY MIND.

BEFORE DARKMOOR!

IT WAS LONELY WITHOUT YOU. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO YOU. I WAS SCARED...

I WAS SCARED TOO...



"I WENT TO DARKMOOR TO HELP DR. TRAVIS IN THE SUMMER BREAK TO KEEP MYSELF BUSY AFTER MUM AND DAD DIED, AND TO GET SOME EXPERIENCE IN THE FIELD."



"IT DIDN'T SEEM AS IF I'D BEEN THERE FOR TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE CALM ORDER OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH WAS TRANSFORMED INTO SOMETHING MORE LIKE A JAMES BOND MOVIE..."

"I GOT EXPERIENCE ALRIGHT, BUT NOT THE KIND I EXPECTED."

"...ONLY THIS WAS FOR REAL."

"I PANICKED.
I RAN."

"THE ATTACKERS CHASED
ME OUT ONTO THE MOOR.
I CRASHED. I THOUGHT
THAT IT WAS ALL OVER."

"BUT IT WAS ONLY
JUST BEGINNING."

"THEY MADE
ME CHOOSE."

"BUT
THERE WAS
NO CHOICE."

"THEY DIPPED ME
IN MAGIC AND
CLOTHED ME IN
SCIENCE."

"THEY MADE
ME A HERO."

"THEY DRAGGED ME
CREAMING INTO
THE OMNIVERSE..."

"THEY
GAVE ME
A CAUSE."

"THEY NAMED ME."

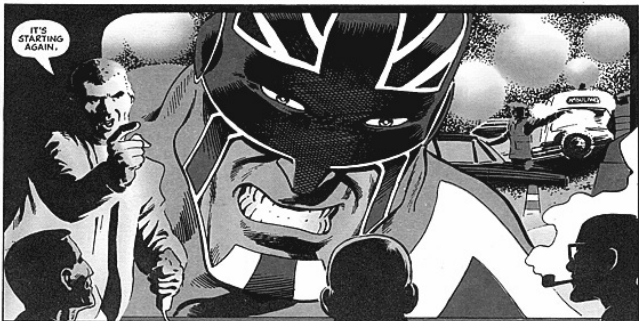
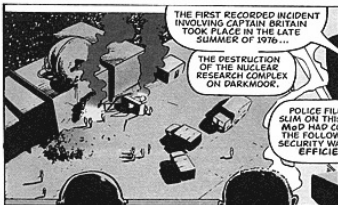
"THEY MADE
ME FIGHT."

"IT WAS THEIR
CREATION
BIRTHED IN
BLOOD."

"I WAS CAPTAIN BRITAIN."

"THEY MADE
ME FIGHT."

"AND I LIKED IT."



WITH DUE RESPECT,
THE POLITICS OF THE
RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN
SUPERHEROES AND THE
WORLD WHICH THEY
INHABIT IS NOT OUR
CONCERN HERE!

KINDLY
CONFINE YOUR-
SELF TO THE
FACTS.

YES SIR,

THE
FACTS,
SIR.

FACT!
BRADDOCK
RETURNS TO
UNIVERSITY.

CAPTAIN
BRITAIN IS
ACTIVE IN
THE U.K..

MY REPORT
LISTS BRADDOCK
FAMILY CONNECTIONS IN
MANY CAPTAIN BRITAIN
INCIDENTS, INCLUDING THE
EVENTS WHICH CULMINATED
IN THE BOMBING OF BRAD-
DOCK MANOR BY S.T.R.I.K.E.

FACT!
BRADDOCK VISITS
AMERICA.

TIME

BRITISH
SUPERHERO

AT THE SAME TIME,
CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS
CONSORTING WITH
SUPERHEROES IN
THE U.S.

FACT! WHILST
FLYING BACK FROM
KENNEDY AIRPORT,
BRADDOCK'S PLANE
GETS INTO
TROUBLE...

EYEWITNESS
REPORTS TELL US
THAT HE JUMPS FROM
THE PLANE SCREAMING
THAT HE IS UNDER
PSYCHIC ATTACK!

Daily Mail

THREE
SURVIVE
AIRLINE
DISASTER

FACT! BRADDOCK
IS MISSING, PRESUMED
DEAD, AND CAPTAIN
BRITAIN IS NO LONGER
A FEATURE OF
BRITISH LIFE.

FACT! FOUR YEARS
LATER, WHEN ELIZABETH
BRADDOCK, NOW WORKING
FOR S.T.R.I.K.E., IS IN
DANGER...

CAPTAIN
BRITAIN REAPPEARS.
HE IS BIGGER, MORE
POWERFUL AND MORE
DANGEROUS.

THE PSI-DIVISION OF THE ILL-
FATED AGENCY S.T.R.I.K.E. IS UNDER
ATTACK BY THE VIXEN'S ASSASSIN
SLAYMASTER.

ELIZABETH BRADDOCK
IS RESCUED BY A SUPER-
BEING, WHO SLAYMASTER REVEALS,
DURING INTERROGATION, TO
BE CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

HS/743/SM.

HALF OF
DENMARK STREET
IS LAID WASTE IN
THE CONFLICT.

HARDLY SUR-
PRISING THAT SIR
JAMES JASPERS GOT
SO MUCH SUPPORT IN
HIS STAND AGAINST
SUPERHEROES,
IS IT?

WHO?



YOU
LIKED
IT?

HOW
COULD YOU
LIKE IT?

IT'S THE
THRILL, BETSY.
IT'S THE
ADVENTURE.

IT'S THE
POWER AND THE
GLORY SINGING
IN THE VEINS.

IN THOSE EARLY
DAYS I JUST USED TO
FIGHT AND WIN...

"MY MIND WAS
NOT FLEXIBLE
ENOUGH FOR
THE CONCEPTS
INVOLVED. I
THOUGHT WITH
MY FISTS."

"EVENTUALLY I
SOUGHT ESCAPE
FROM TORTURE
IN SELF-
DESTRUCTION..."

"THIS WAS MY BAPTISM
OF SOLITUDE."

"FOR TWO YEARS I WAS
A HERMIT...
ALONE."

"I WAS
WAITING..."

"WAITING TO
BE SHOWN..."

"I DIVED FROM
THE PLANE INTO
THE OCEAN, BUT
I DID NOT DIE..."

"NOT THEN."

"...WAITING FOR
THE CONJURER
TO REVEAL HIS
TRICKS."

LATER,
AS I GREW MORE
ACCUSTOMED TO MY
POWER I BEGAN TO
QUESTION ITS
SOURCE. WAS IT
SCIENCE, OR
MAGIC?

"...BUT EVERY-
THING THAT WAS
HAPPENING TO ME
WAS SO STRANGE,
SO BIZARRE."

"THE BLACK
KNIGHT CAME
AND SHOWED
ME MYSTERIES
OF MAGIC."

"MERLIN NURTURED ME IN
OTHERWORLD. FOR A TIME
I WAS AT PEACE."

"WE FOUGHT WITH WRAITHS
AND SHADOWBEASTS AND
WALKED WITH ANCIENT
FEAR."

"HE HELPED ME INTO
OTHERWORLD. INTO THE
PRESENCE OF MERLIN,
INTO THE PRESENCE OF
INCARNATE LEGEND."

"BUT THEN I HAD TO
FIGHT AGAIN. TO SAVE
A WORLD GONE MAD."

"I WAS DECKED OUT IN NEW COLOURS AND GIVEN AN ELFIN COMPANION TO JOURNEY WITH ME TO EARTH. HIS NAME WAS JACKDAW."

"BUT THIS WAS AN ALTERNATE EARTH. THE EARTH OF CAPTAIN U.K.-LINDA McQUILLAN'S EARTH."

"I MET SATURNYNE THERE..."

"IT WAS AN EARTH OF MIND-BENDING HORROR."

"...POOR JACKDAW. THEY KILLED HIM."

"THE TASTE OF BLOOD WAS IN THE AIR..."

"BEAUTIFUL, RUTHLESS SATURNYNE."

"A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME."

"AND I HAD TO FIGHT THERE."

"I LOST. I FAILED!"

"AGAINST THE STATUS CREW."

"DEATH HUNTED ME TO MY KNEES..."

"...IT TRAPPED ME IN A GRAVEYARD."

"I WAS AFRAID."

"MERLIN SAVED ME. HE SNATCHED ME FROM DEATH'S CRADLE."

"AGAINST THE MADNESS OF THE JASPERS' WARP."

"I HAD TO FIGHT TO SAVE THE WORLD."

"HE SENT ME BACK TO YOU."

"HE GAVE ME A SECOND CHANCE."

"THIS TIME I DID NOT FAIL HIM, THIS TIME WE WON."

THAT IS RIGHT, ISN'T IT... THIS IS MY TIME? I AM HOME?

YES, BRIAN, THE PRICE WAS HIGH, BUT WE DID WIN.

WE KNOW WE WON.

WE HAVE TIME TO MOURN OUR DEAD.

"THEN WHO IS IT THAT KEEPS ATTACKING ME NOW? WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?"

WHAT ABOUT THE VIXEN?

WHAT HAPPENED TO HER WHEN THE JASPER'S WARP COLLAPSED? OR MAYBE IT'S SATURNYNE... OR MANDRAGON... OR THE SPECIAL EXECUTIVE...

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. WE CANNOT AFFORD THE LUXURY OF REST...

NOT NOW.

PROBABLY NOT EVER.





Captain BRITAIN

LAW & DISORDER

JAMIE DELANO & ALAN DAVIS
CO-CONSPIRATORS
AIDED AND ABETTED BY
STEVE CRADDOCK - LETTERER
CHRIS GILL - EDITOR







I'M GOING OUTSIDE TO THINK ON MY OWN.



I DO LIKE THAT NICE JOHN WATT. NOT THAT NASTY MR. BARLOW. THOUGH, I AM GLAD THEY BROUGHT THIS BACK.

IT'S AN OLD CHINESE PROVERB, Y'KNOW. GLAD 'SOFTLY SOFTLY CATCHEE MONKEY...'

THE PEOPLE TALKED IN RIDDLES, BUT THE PICTURE-BOX GAVE HIM IDEAS...



IT HAD SHOWN HIM THE WAY TO ROB THE SAFE, BUT SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG.

HE WOULD WATCH MORE CLOSELY THIS TIME...



IT WAS EASY. THE PICTURE-BOX HAD SHOWN HIM EXACTLY HOW TO DO IT.

FIRST THEY HAD TO RAM THE VAN WITH A CAR...

NOW!



...THEN THEY HAD TO MAKE THE GUARDS OPEN THE BACK, WHERE THEY WOULD FIND THE SACKS OF PAPER-POUNDS.

WE'RE CRIMINALS. WE'RE ROBBING YOU.

WHAA?

IT WAS EASY...



RESOURCES CONTROL EXECUTIVE HAS ASSUMED THE FUNCTION OF THAT SOMEWHAT HEAVY-HANDED AGENCY, S.T.R.I.K.E.

AGENT GABRIEL AND MYSELF ARE PART OF A TEAM OF SPECIALISTS. WE ARE GHOST GUERRILLAS, IF YOU LIKE. WE HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO FIGHT THESE MENACES.

WE HAVE LEARNED A GREAT DEAL SINCE THE DAYS OF S.T.R.I.K.E. - THE WORLD IS MUCH MORE FLUID NOW. WE HAVE SUBTLE METHODS. OUR STRATEGIES ARE OBLIQUE.

BUT WE MUST FUNCTION IN ISOLATION. THERE MUST BE NO INTERFERENCE FROM YOUR MEN, THOMAS.

WHAT WE NEED IS THE ONE WITH THE MOUSTACHE WHO BROUGHT US HERE...

WHERE DID HE BRING US FROM, THEN?

...FROM WHERE WE WERE.

HYUK.

IT WAS BETTER THERE. THE ONE WITH THE MOUSTACHE KNEW ALL THE THINGS TO DO. NOT LIKE YOU. YOU'RE USELESS.

HE'S DEAD THOUGH. ISN'T HE? HE BROUGHT US HERE AND DIED.

NOTHING MAKES SENSE HERE. WHY DID HE BRING US?

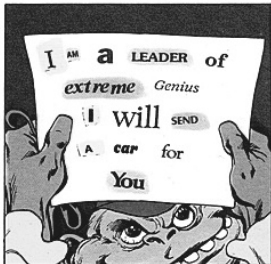
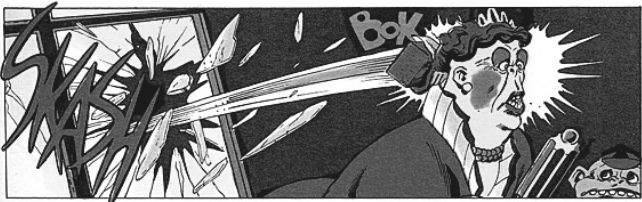
HE WAS A LEADER, THAT'S WHY.

A LEADER. THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE CALLED. WE NEED A LEADER.

I TOLD YOU SO.

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GET ONE?







...BE SEATED AND BE SILENT. IF YOU OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS PRECISELY, I SHALL GIVE YOU SUCCESS IN CRIME...

...THEN WE SHALL HAVE, AS THE ENGLISH SAY, QUITE A LITTLE SPREE.

WE WILL.

WE WILL.

YUK HYUK.



AGAIN YOU BRING ME NEWS OF FAILURE. WHAT IS YOUR PATHETIC EXCUSE THIS TIME?

FORGIVE PLEASE, MASTREX. WE BLITZERS HAD HIM DOWN TIGHT...

...BUT THEN THE PURPLE-HAIRED FEMALE PSYCHO-CHARGED US AND WE FELL BACK THROUGH.



STOP WHINING! YOUR WEAKNESS SICKENS ME.

YOU AND YOUR MEN CAN SERVE IN THE ANTARCTIC STRIFE ZONE.

PLEASE, TRY NOT TO SEE IT AS A PUNISHMENT, BUT THE CONTRACT HAS GONE TO THE ONLY KATCHERS WORTHY OF THE NAME.

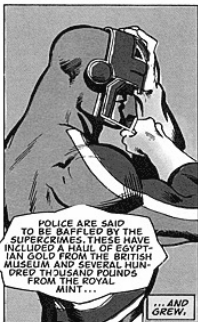
GATE-CRASHER'S TECHNET.





TODAY'S RAID ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY, THE FOURTH IN THIS WEEK'S SPATE OF RUTHLESS, HIGHLY-ORGANISED ROBBERIES, NETTED PAINTINGS DESCRIBED BY EXPERTS AS 'PRICELESS'...

A SLOW, STRONG ANGER TURNED WITHIN HIM...



POLICE ARE SAID TO BE BAFFLED BY THE SUPERCRIMES. THESE HAVE INCLUDED A HAUL OF EGYPTIAN GOLD FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FROM THE ROYAL MINT...

...AND GREW,



ONE EYEWITNESS CLAIMED THAT THE GANG WERE DISGUISED AS STORYBOOK CHARACTERS...

IT HAD TO BE THE CRAZY GANG. THIS ANARCHY HAD THEIR STAMP.



HOW DARE THEY CORRUPT HIS WORLD WITH THEIR MADNESS?

WHY HAD THEY NOT DISSOLVED WITH ALL THE OTHER FOUL CREATIONS OF THE JASPERS WARP?



WELL, MY STRANGE FRIENDS... ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THE WEEK'S HAUL? SUCH TREASURE, EH? SUCH RICHES.



THEY WERE AN ANOMALY WHICH HE MUST ERADICATE.



YES, IT IS A MARVEL. IT IS GOOD TO HAVE A LEADER WHO IS LIKE US, AND ALSO AN EXTREME GENIUS.

THANK YOU.



"CAPTURE HIM.
DON'T KILL HIM."



CAREFULLY, DO NOT
DAMAGE OUR FRIEND, WE
HAVE MUCH TO TALK
ABOUT...



IN THAT CASE,
PERHAPS IT IS TIME
TO PERFORM MY SMALL
METAMORPHOSIS.



SLAYMASTER!
YOU'RE FREE!

AS A BIRD,
CAPTAIN, AS
A BIRD.

WHEREAS
YOU, I'M
AFRAID, ARE
NOT.



Next:

**Flotsam
& Jetsam**



YOU SURE
YOU'RE ALRIGHT
WITH THAT, MATE?
YOU DON'T WANT
TO DO YOURSELF
AN INJURY...

YES.
THANK YOU FOR
YOUR HELP. YOU
WILL, OF COURSE,
FORGET WHERE IT
WAS YOU BROUGHT
ME, SHOULD YOU
EVER BE ASKED...



SECRETS.

A SECRET ENTRANCE
...A SECRET BURDEN.



A SECRET PURPOSE...

...AT A SECRET
DESTINATION.



SLAYMASTER, HELLO.
WHAT BRINGS YOU
SNIFFING ROUND MY
BACK DOOR? COME
TO WISH ME HAPPY
BIRTHDAY?

YOUR BIRTH-
DAY? THIS IS
MOST AUSPICIOUS!
I HAVE CHOSEN MY
DAY WELL. PLEASE
ACCEPT MY
"HABILE
OF "TINS...

Captain BRITAIN

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

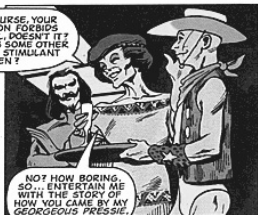


JAMIE DELANO
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
S. CRADDOCK
LETTERER
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR



SO, MY DEAR SLAYMASTER... YOU'VE FINALLY CONQUERED THE BOLD CAPTAIN BRITAIN. I'M MOST IMPRESSED... AND FLATTERED THAT YOU BROUGHT HIM TO ME. COME AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

STORE HIM WELL, JOSE, AND SEND THE COSTUME TO THE LABS.



OF COURSE, YOUR RELIGION FORBIDS ALCOHOL, DOESN'T IT? PERHAPS SOME OTHER KIND OF STIMULANT THEN?

NOT HOW BORING. SO... ENTERTAIN ME WITH THE STORY OF HOW YOU CAME BY MY GEORGIOUS PRESSIE.



"I ESCAPED FROM THE AUTHORITIES IN THE CHAOS OF THE JASPER'S REALITY WARF."

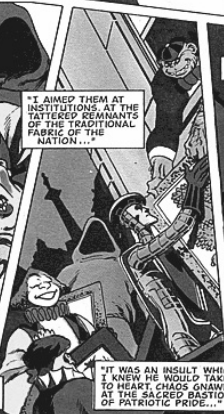
"I CONCEALED MYSELF AND PLANNED THE MOVE THAT WOULD GIVE ME MY CHECKMATE OF REVENGE."



"THE CRAZY GANG WERE STRANDED OUT OF THEIR DIMENSION - RUNNING WILD, LIKE HEADLESS CHICKENS. I TOOK THEM UNDER MY WING."

"I AIMED THEM AT INSTITUTIONS. AT THE TATTERED REMNANTS OF THE TRADITIONAL FABRIC OF THE NATION..."

"THEY WERE DRAWING ATTENTION, I MADE THEM DRAW IT MY WAY."



"IT WAS AN INSULT WHICH I KNEW HE WOULD TAKE TO HEART, CHAOS GNAWING AT THE SACRED BASTIONS OF PATRIOTIC PRIDE..."



"HE CAME LIKE A RIGHTEOUS ARROW FROM ON HIGH..."

"BUT I WAS WAITING."



"HE FOUGHT BRAVELY, AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, BUT BLINDLY."

"...DIVINELY."

WHO'S A CLEVER BOY, THEN? AND TELL ME, WHERE ARE THE CRAZY GANG NOW?

"HIS RAGE WAS FEAR-SOME TO BEHOLD."

"BUT IT WAS ALL IN VAIN, FOR HE WAS OUTMATCHED..."

THEY HAD SERVED THEIR PURPOSE. I HAD NO MORE USE FOR THEM. I LET THEM GO.

HE'S NOT REALLY ONE OF US, HE TRICKED US.

WE'LL GO NOW. COME ON.



Hmmm. NOT VERY CLEVER, LEAVING THEM LOOSE LIKE THAT ...

STILL, NEVER MIND. IT LOOKS AS IF MY GIFT HAS WOKEN UP IN A BIT OF A PADDY. PERHAPS I'D BETTER GO AND CALM HIM DOWN.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM? WHERE IS HIS COSTUME, VIKEN?

YOU CAN HAVE THE MAN, BUT I WANT HIS COSTUME.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE IN A POSITION TO WANT ANYTHING, CHAPPIE?



I BROUGHT HIM TO YOU! I THOUGHT WE WOULD COLLABORATE... USE HIM. I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR SERVING BOYS...

YOU ARE PRECISELY WHAT I SAY YOU ARE... CHAPPIE.

JOOLS! SIMON!





DISGUST AND A COLD, HARD ANGER FILL HIM. THIS IS NOT AN HONOURABLE WAY TO TREAT A WORTHY FOE...

...AND ANYWAY, HE WANTS THE COSTUME.



HE MOVES.

HE IS FAST. VERY FAST.



HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST HER. THE VIXEN DOES NOT SHARE HIS CODE OF ETHICS...



...SHE IS SHREWD AND VICIOUS, BUT HE IS A MATCH FOR HER. HE WILL FIND THE LABORATORY AND RECOVER THE COSTUME...

THEN HE WILL REDRESS THE BALANCE.



WELL, MY LITTLE BAND OF GLITTERING SOCIALITES WE ARE NO LONGER RESTING. WE HAVE A JOB...

Er... Mother...

...YES, IT'S PARTYTIME AGAIN. YOUNG BONE-BAG HERE HAS FIXED HIS NASTY LITTLE BRAIN ONTO THE TARGET. WE HAVE THE KONTRACT. WE'RE READY TO ROLL...



Sorry Mother, but we're not. I've er... lost the er... fix.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'VE LOST THE FIX? WE NEED THOSE CO-ORDINATES...



...AND STOP CALLING ME MOTHER. MY NAME IS GATE-CRASHER.

Sorry Mother, but it just... twinkled out. I'm trying to relocate.

HIS ANGER STILL BURNS THE
ARROGANCE OF THE WOMAN,
BUT IF SHE DOES NOT WANT
CO-OPERATION, THEN SHE
MUST HAVE OPPOSITION.

HE WILL TEACH HER RESPECT.

LAE
4

THE INITIAL
EXAMINATION OF THE
ER... GARMENT SHOWS
THAT IT IS, MORE
PROPERLY, A
MACHINE...

CAN THIS EMPTY
GARMENT BE THE
SOURCE OF HIS OLD
ENEMY'S POWER..?

IT LOOKS EMPTY.
IT NEEDS A BODY
TO FILL IT. IT
NEEDS COURAGE.

... BUT THE
MICROCIRCUITRY IS
INCREDIBLY COMPLEX.
I DON'T KNOW IF
THE COMPUTER CAN
COMPLETELY
ANALYSE IT.

THE COSTUME MOULDS
TO HIM LIKE A NEW SKIN.

WILD EXCITEMENT FLEXES
WITHIN HIM. HE WANTS TO
LAUGH.

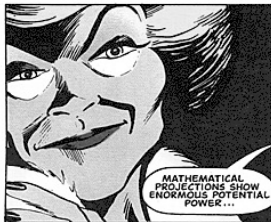
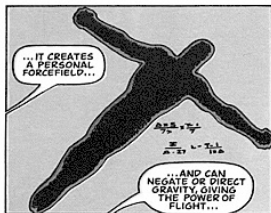
... MUCH OF IT IS
FAR BEYOND MY RANGE
OF UNDERSTANDING, BUT
PERHAPS IT IS BEST
DESCRIBED AS A LENS,
OR AMPLIFIER, FOR THE
WEARER'S NATURAL
POWER.

... IT SEEMS
TO MAGNIFY THE
ELECTROMAGNETIC
IMPULSES AND ENERGY
WELDS OF THE
HUMAN BODY...

HE FEELS THE POWER -
A MAN OF IRON IN A
BALSA WOOD WORLD.

HE PLAYS WITH
HIS NEW STRENGTH.
TESTING.

MAGNIFICENT.
HIS CONTROL
IS PERFECT.







I CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU'RE DOING THIS!
YOU'RE CONTROLLING
THE SUIT WITH YOUR
MIND...



YES, I THINK I
MUST BE. WHAT WAS
IT YOU WERE SAYING
ABOUT DEFEAT AND
HUMILIATION...?



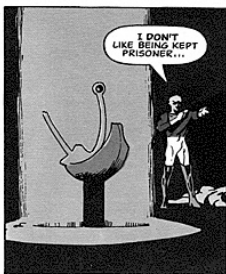
YOU CAN
FLY IN THAT
SUIT YOU
KNOW...



SO
FLY.



I DON'T
LIKE PEOPLE
WEARING MY
CLOTHES...

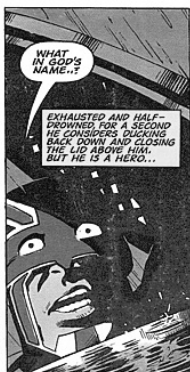


I DON'T
LIKE BEING KEPT
PRISONER...



....AND I
DON'T LIKE
BEING WATCHED
WHILE I'M
DRESSING!

HEAR THIS, VIKEN.
I'M GOING TO TAKE
THIS PLACE APART - RICK
BY BRICK UNTIL I
FIND YOU...



AND THIS IS HERO'S BUSINESS.



ITCHY SKIN,
INFLAMED AND
PEELING.

MOULDERING
SCABS, DECAYING,
ORIBLING.

THAT WAS HOW
IT STARTED.

THEN BOUQUETS
OF ANGRY BOILS
SWELLED TENDER,
RED AND RIPE.

AND BILIOUS
SLIME, DIMLY
AMBER, CURDLED
IN SALADICED
WOUNDS.

RIVERS OF PUTRID
PHLEGM CASCADED
FROM SCARLET
SORES AS FRACTURED
BONE RUPTURED
ROTTING FLESH.

CRIMSON
AGONY SOAKED
INTO TATTERED
CLOTHING. SULLIED
BODY AND SOILED
GARMENT TWISTED
AND MERGED...
A SWIRLING MOSAIC
OF FUSED FLESH
AND FABRIC.

THAT WAS HOW
IT CONTINUED.

Captain BRITAIN

SIDNEY CRUMB
IS ILL.

"I DON'T FEEL GOOD.
AIN'T DONE FOR WEEKS."

"I NEED 'ELP. SOMETHING
MEDICINAL. GET ME
BACK ON ME FEET.
BE OKAY THEN."

MIKE COLLINS
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE MAFACREE
LETTERER
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR

SIDS STORY

THROUGH A HAZE OF PAIN
AND ALCOHOL HE NOTICES
MOVEMENT IN THE RAIN.

"LOOK AT THEA KIDS—
BLIGHTERS OUGHTER
BE AT SCHOOL."

"AIN'T NO DISCIPLINE...
ALL OF 'EM, TOO CHEEKY..."

TIME ALTERS. MEMORIES
AND REALITY BLEED
INTO EACH OTHER...

CHEEK ME
WOULD YOU?

THIS'LL TEACH
YER YER LITTLE
BEGGAR.

MEMORIES OF WANTON
VIOLENCE FROM A
DRUNKEN FATHER...

"WEEBIE, THEA KIDS CAN
'ELP. IF 'N THEY AIN'T
SNIFFERS, THAT IS..."

"UHH-HURTS JUST
TO STAND UP..."

AT! MY STEVE!
'IM OVER THERE,
LOOK AT 'IM!

WO'Z JUST A
GRUBBY TRAMP
INNIT? FORGET 'IM—
JUST BE CADGIN' 'ER
FOR MONEY!

IT AIN'T A
TRAMP, NISE—

-IT
AIN'T !!!

AND FOR SID, TIME
ALTERS AGAIN...

...AIN'T YOUR
LUCKY DAY
CRUMBIE !!

NAH, NOT
MEETIN' US,
IT AIN'T!







BLOODY
HELL!

"TROUBLE, ALWAYS
TROUBLE... EVEN
MAVIS..."

TIME ALTERS ONCE
MORE. IT'S THE
LAST DAY OF A
DRINK-WRECKED
MARRIAGE...



I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER
DAY IN THIS MOVEL
WATCHING YOU DRINK
YOURSELF INTO THE
GROUND!



SEE YOU
AT YOUR
FUNERAL,
SID.

THE VAGUE INTRUSION
CREEPS IN EVEN MORE,
BUT PASSES WITH THE
VISION...



"DAMN YOU,
MAVIS!"

"YOU COULD
HAVE STAYED!"



"MY JOB HAD GONE —
YOU SHOULDN'T'VE TOO!"



"YOU TOOK ALL
MY RESPECT
WITH YOU, MAVIS!"

"I'M ILL, MAVIS,
I DON'T NEED
THE HASSLE..."



"I NEED
MEDICINE..."

WE CAN'T
CONTROL THE
SITUATION! GET THE
BLOODY ARMY IN!

SHE IS
ROMA.

SHE IS
ANXIOUS.

SHE INHERITED THE
REINS OF THE MULTI-
VERSE WHEN MERLIN,
HER FATHER, DIED. A
COMPLEX KNOWLEDGE
FOR AN IMMORTAL SO
YOUNG.

NOW JUST ONE
EXISTENCE HOLDS
HER OVERSEEING
EYE, AN EXISTENCE
THAT IS THE CAUSE
OF HER ANXIETY.

CAN HE SURVIVE
IT? HE HAS BORNE
MUCH MORE THAN
HIS SHARE.

"I WATCHED THE ROGUE
STUDYING HIM AND
PLOTING. I DID NOT
WANT TO MIDDLE. THAT
WAS MY FATHER'S WAY."

"I LEFT IT TO HIS
SISTER'S FLEDGLING
POWER TO SHIELD
HIM FROM DEATH. I
DID NOT STRETCH
OUT MY HAND."

EVERY
INSTINCT
IS TO HELP
HIM...

BUT NO—I WILL
NOT DO AS MY FATHER,
AND INTERVENE. THE
CAPTAIN MUST STRUGGLE
ALONE.

THE GUILT IS
MINE. I BROUGHT
THEM TOGETHER AT
MY FATHER'S DYING.
I SHOULD HAVE
FORSEEN IT.

"THE ONSLAUGHT
BEGAN AND STILL
I ONLY WATCHED."



"I KNOW HIM... IT'S THAT BLO PONGE! THE ONE WHO THINKS HE'S AN 'ERO! HE'LL HELP ME - HE'S GOT TO!"

AND TIME ALTERS. REALITY SHIFTS AND BLEEDS ONE FINAL TIME. TO THE RUBBISH TIR WHERE HIS LAST FRIEND HAS VANISHED...

MRS. M'GEARY? WAS THAT YOU SAYING 'SHIZIK' JUST THEN?

MRS. M'GEARY?

AIN'T YOUR LUCKY DAY!

LITTLE BEGGAR!

SEE YOU AT YOUR FUNERAL, SID!

THE FACES OF THE PAST SHIFT AND GEL, AND THE ANOMALY RETURNS, NO LONGER AT THE EDGE OF HIS VISION...

...BUT AT ITS CENTRE.

IT IS THE FURY. IT IS THE SUPREME KILLING MACHINE. IT HAS CROSSED THE PARALLEL REALITIES TO HUNT ITS PREY, CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

BUT IT HAS PAID HEAVILY FOR ITS VIOLATION OF REALITIES. STUNTED AND DAMAGED BY ITS FLIGHT, IT NEEDS MATTER TO REBUILD ITSELF...

WITH MRS. M'GEARY, IT WAS DEADLY ACCURATE.

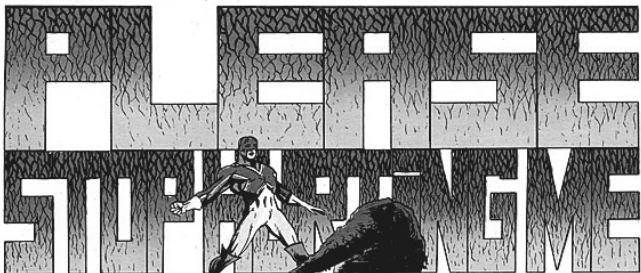
SUCH GOOD FORTUNE COULD NEVER BE SID'S...

WITH THE WOUND COMES INFECTION.

THE FURY'S POWER OF MUTATION HAS BECOME SIDNEY CRUMB'S CURSE.

"THAT THING DID IT. I CAN'T BE CURED!"









NOT LEGION,
CAPTAIN... NOT ME,
THAT'S ANOTHER
BROTHER.

...AND FASCINATION?
SHE'S OUR FRIEND NOW...
THERE IS NO SPECIAL
EXECUTIVE...
NOT YET...

WAR DOG WON'T
EVEN BE WHEELED
FOR ANOTHER HUNDRED
YEARS. AND COBWEB IS
ELSEWHERE. WE ARE
A FAR MORE SENIOR
ELITE...

FASCINATION...?
LEGION...? WHY...?
WHAT DOES THE SPECIAL
EXECUTIVE WANT
WITH ME NOW...?



...GATECRASHER'S
TECHNET.

KAPTAIN
BRITON, YOU HAVE
THE HONOUR TO BE
OUR PRISONER.

Next: Double Game

Captain BRITAIN

DOUBLE GAME

JAMIE DELANO
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE HALFACREE
LETTERER
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR

THE AIR SCREAMS
LIKE SIRENS
AROUND HIM.

THERE ARE ENEMIES
IN HIS CAMP.

HE SHOULD BE
AT HOME.

HIS FAMILY IS
THREATENED.





IT IS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE.
THE HOUSE SHAKES WITH
FEAR.

MISS MEGGAN,
WAIT... IT MIGHT BE
DANGEROUS...

NO... NO...
STOP THEM...
THEY'RE KILLING
EACH OTHER...

MEGGAN...!

WHERE'S
THE CAPTAIN,
BETSY...?

THE HOUSE IS
DISINTEGRATING,
FALLING TO...

...PIECES.

HOW DARE
YOU! IF YOU'VE
HURT HER...

Elmo. Quick,
dampen her.
She's a psycho-
blaster...

HOW MANY
MORE OF THEM
ARE THERE,
BONEBAG?

The target and his
paraform are below and
there are two above.
Both are in mild
systemic shock, though
one reads me...

FETCH THEM
TO THE PARTY,
FASCINATION.

STAY UP HERE
AND LOOK AFTER
ALISON, EMMA,
THERE'S TROUBLE
DOWNSTAIRS, THEY
NEED ME!

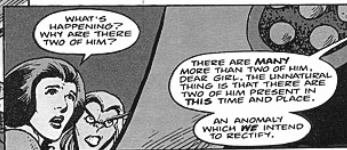
WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
IN OUR HOUSE?
WHERE IS MY
BROTHER?

IT'S A
HORRIBLE
DREAM, THAT'S
WHAT...

SORRY IF OUR
INTRUSION STARTLED
YOU, DEAR GIRLS. WE
WOULD HAVE KNOCKED
BUT WE WERE CAUGHT
UP IN THE EXCITE-
MENT OF THE CHASE.

AND THE
ER... DOOR WAS
OPEN.

CRUMP
RUMBLE
THAM





"WE WERE UNDER OBSERVATION.
APOLOGIES WERE BRIEF BUT
SINCERE..."

SCAN WIDE.
AND THIS TIME FIND
HIM... OR I'LL HAVE
YOUR ARMS FOR
TOOTHPICKS!

SORRY,
CAPTAIN.

AHEM.

"HE WAS CUNNING, THIS CAPTAIN
BRITON. HE HAD LURED US TO
THIS UNIVERSE AND CROSSED
TEALUS WITH HIS 'PAXAFORM',
CAPTAIN BRITAIN."

I have
something.
Mother. It has
to be...

SO THIS
IMPOSTER IS
PRETENDING
TO BE ME...?

"THE CAPTAIN
GRASPED
THE CONCEPT
IMMEDIATELY..."

...Yes. I'm
certain... North
North-West...
not far.

NORTH
NORTH-WEST...?
BETSY!

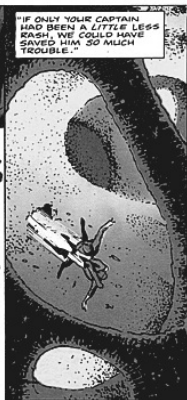
CAPTAIN...
WAIT! TOO LATE —
SUCH AN IMPULSIVE
CREATURE.

GATECRASHER...
LOOK!

LOCK ON,
BOMBAG...
LOCK ON, WE
MOVE.

"THE PARTY WAS GETTING TOO CROWDED.
WE DID NOT HAVE TIME TO BE SOCIABLE.
WE FOLLOWED..."

ALIEN LIFE FORMS
DISCORPORATING... EIGHT,
NO NINE. THE SUPERHUMAN
IS AIRBORNE, TRACK NORTH
NORTH-WEST. MACH...
HE'S VERY FAST.











BEFORE HE OPENS HIS EYES HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NOT WHERE HE SHOULD BE.

HE SNEEPS THE CURTAINS OF PERFUMED SLEEP FROM HIS MIND AND MEMORY ILLUMINATES HIM.

HE HAD LOST THE FIGHT AT THE MANOR. HIS DOUBLE HAD BEATEN HIM.

CONFUSION SENDS RIPPLES OF NAUSEA THROUGH HIM. WHERE IS THIS PLACE THAT THEY HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO?

THE AIR IS NOT LIKE THE AIR OF EARTH. IT SWELLS OF HOT BRASS.

Captain BRITAIN

HE IS A LONG WAY FROM ENGLAND...

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

JAMIE DELANO
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE HALFACREE
LETTERERS
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR

HOW COULD HE HAVE LET HIMSELF BE BEATEN? HE HAD BEEN FIGHTING FOR HIS HOME. FOR HIS FAMILY...



BUT HE HAD BEEN TOO CONFIDENT.

THE IMPOSTER HAD BEEN SO CUNNING.



HE HAD ALLOWED HIS CONSCIOUSNESS TO SLIP AWAY...

AND NOW, SINCE HE WAS HERE, THE ENEMY WHO HAD STOLEN HIS IDENTITY MUST BE IN HIS FAMILY HOME, WITH...

...BETSY!

BRIAN!
I'M YOUR SISTER!

PLEASE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU..?

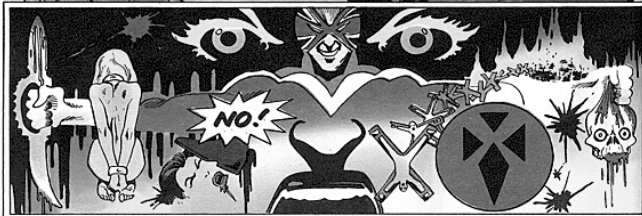
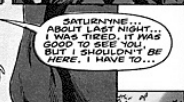
CAN'T YOU GUESS..?

MY NAME'S NOT REALLY BRIAN...









PEOPLE OF THE EMPIRE OF TRUE BRITON. TODAY IS A DAY OF GREAT GLORY. NOT ONLY HAVE OUR WARRIORS BEEN VICTORIOUS IN THE ANTARCTIC STRIFE ZONE...

... BUT ALSO, KAPTAIN BRITON, HERO OF THE EMPIRE HAS RETURNED FROM MISSIONS ON FAR-OFF WORLDS TO BRING MORE HONOUR TO THIS GLITTERING DAY.

LET THE SLAUGHTER COMMENCE.

SO, BYRON BRA-DHOK, KAPTAIN BRITON. SEE HOW I STILL FAVOUR YOU. THIS ONCE I SHALL FORGIVE YOU YOUR DESERTION.



SUDDENLY HE UNDERSTANDS. BYRON BRA-DHOK. IF THIS IS THE IMPOSTER'S EARTH IT MUST BE HIS SATURNINE TOO. HOW CAN HE HAVE BEEN SO STUPID AND BLIND?

YOU'RE NOT OPAL LUNA SATURNINE, OMNIVERSAL MASTREIX...?

I AM OPAL LUN SAT-YE-NIN, MASTREIX OF BRITON.



SATURNINE WAS SELFISH AND RUTHLESS. BUT SHE WAS NOT A JADIST. FEAR AND LOATHING HATE WITHIN HIM. ANGER AND SHAME SQUIRM INTO LIFE.

HE MUST RUN...

COME BACK... YOU WILL NOT LEAVE!



GETAWAY FROM YOU SCUM!





HEY,
HEY, YOU!

...I KNOW THAT DRAGON-
SCALES ARE NOT THE MOST
CONVENIENT FORM OF PAYMENT,
BUT, ON THE WERE-WORLDS—
WHERE WE STAGE OUR NEXT
LITTLE SHOW—THEY ARE IN
GREAT DEMAND, SO STOP
MOANING AND...



UH-OH...

WAIT! I
WANT TO TALK
TO YOU.

COME, COME, CAPTAIN.
NO HARD FEELINGS, PLEASE.
NO SOUR GRAPES. IT WAS
BUT A JOB. WE DID IT FOR
MONEY...



BUT DON'T YOU SEE?
THE IMPOSTER BEAT ME
IN THE FIGHT. HE TRICKED
YOU AGAIN, DAMN YOU—
YOU MUST GET ME BACK!
HE'S THERE... IN MY
HOUSE... WITH MY
SISTER!



PLEASE
STEP BACK. YOUR
PROXIMITY IS
OFFENSIVE.

TWO QUESTIONS.
WHAT WERE THE
FIRST WORDS I EVER
SPOKE TO YOU? AND,
IF WE TAKE YOU BACK,
CAN YOU PAY US?



AS I REMEMBER, YOU
TOLD ME THAT I SHOULD
BE HONoured TO BE YOUR
PRISONER. AND WHY SHOULD
I PAY WHEN YOU'RE AT
FAULT?

BE THAT AS IT MAY,
THERE ARE COSTS TO
BE MET. TRAVEL ALONE
IS EXPENSIVE. AND, SADLY,
IT LOOKS AS IF THERE IS
TO BE VIOLENCE AS WELL.



YOU
FILTH...

YOU
VILE...

DISGUSTING...

FILTH!





NICE MOVEMENT.
CLASSIC ALMOST, BUT
THIS IS GETTING
MESSY...

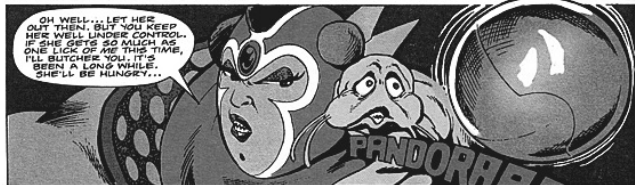


WHAT NOW
THEN...?



Er...
Mother. We'll
have to...

YES, YES, I
KNOW. IT'LL HAVE
TO BE PANDORA...
IT'S JUST THE
GETTING HER BACK
IN AGAIN.



OH WELL... LET HER
OUT THEN, BUT YOU KEEP
HER WELL UNDER CONTROL.
IF SHE GETS SO MUCH AS
ONE LICK OF ME THIS TIME,
I'LL BUTCHER YOU. IT'S
BEEN A LONG WHILE.
SHE'LL BE HUNGRY...





MY GOD.

IMPRESSIVE,
EH?

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S IT DONE
TO THEM?

IT'S PANDORA...
SENTIENT SLIME-MOULD.
PRIMITIVE BUT VERY
TOUGH... INCREDIBLE
ELASTICITY. SUCKS THE
LIFE OUT OF 'EM.



Ahhhhh...
She's resting...
She's full...very
warm. Very sweet...
soft...soft...
soft...

RIGHT. ALL
HANDS TO THE
PUMPS. LET'S
GET HER
CLEARED UP.



MAKE SURE
YOU'VE DISENGAGED
BONE-BAG. I DON'T
WANT YOU GETTING
SUUCKED UP AND
GOING CLAUSTRO
ON ME.

HEY, LITTLE
LIZARD... C'MON,
SNAP OUT OF IT.
IT'S OVER... C'MON
NOW, LET HER GO...



"...IT'S OVER."

TIME PASSES. THE ONLY SOUND IS THE SUCKING OF THE PUMPS AS THE STOLEN LIFE OF THE CITY IS SWALLOWED AND SQUEEZED INTO TIGHT, TIGHT DARKNESS.

NO ONE HAS SPOKEN. IT IS AS IF WORDS COULD NOT PENETRATE THE DEAD AIR.

Careful, Mother...
Something alive...
Something unhappy.

COME, CAPTAIN. THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE HERE. THE PARTY'S GONE SOUR. WE MUST BE AWAY.

BUT WE CAN'T JUST...

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, CAPTAIN. THIS IS NOT YOUR CONCERN. YOU HAVE YOUR PLACE.

COME BACK! YOU CAN'T GO AGAIN...NOT AGAIN...

HE TURNS HIS BACK AND WALKS AWAY. FROM THE CHAMBER OF THE WORLD HER WORDS PURSUE HIM LIKE FRANTIC BIRDS.

HE THINKS OF ENGLAND, OF BETSY, OF HOME, WHERE HE SHOULD BE...

BRIAN...
WHERE ARE YOU?

WSSSSSSST!

ONE FEELS THAT ONE SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING GLIB TO SAY IN TIMES OF HORROR...

SATURDAY...

Next: **Things Fall Apart**

IN THE VAST CAVERNS
BELOW BRADDOCK
MAYBE IT SHIMMERS,
THINKING.

ITS JEWELLED PRESENT
IS HERE AND NOW IN
ENGLAND. ITS MEMORY,
A QUANTUM LEAP IN
ONE DIRECTION; ITS
FUTURE, IN ANOTHER.

THEIR MINDS ARE LOW
AND SLOW, THEIR
VISION LIMITED.

THEY HAVE NO CONCEPTION
OF THE INFINITY OF
KNOWLEDGE AND COM-
PLEXITY OF CAUSE AND
EFFECT OF WHICH I AM
A PART.

THEY DO NOT USE ME.
THEY DO NOT LET ME
GROW. THEIR ALLEGIANCE
IS NOT FIXED.

THEY LOSE SIGHT OF THE
PURPOSE. THEY ARE
DISTRACTED. DISRUPTIVE
FORCES GATHER AROUND.
CHAOS GRABS AT THEM
WEAKENS THEM.

THINGS
FALL
APART

I WILL SEND MY EMBASSY
TO TUTOR THEIR HAPHAZARD
MINDS.

IT BECOMES
NECESSARY THAT I
TAKE CONTROL.

Captain
BRITAIN

JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS

ANNIE HALFACREE IAN RIMMER
LETTERER EDITOR







"YOUR FATHER MADE ME CAPABLE OF ABSTRACT THOUGHT. I HAVE BEEN ABSTRACTING. I HAVE REACHED A DECISION. LOGICALLY, I MUST ACT. IT IS MY DUTY TO MAINTAIN THE MANOR AND ITS ENVIRONMENT."



"IF YOU WILL OPERATE THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL ON YOUR WRIST AND DISPENSE WITH THAT UNSUITABLE GARMENT, CAPTAIN, I WILL DISPOSE OF THE APPARATUS, ALONG WITH THE CADAVER."



"I AM A VAST RESOURCE WHICH HAS NOT BEEN UTILISED. I MUST FULFIL MY PRIMARY FUNCTION. I WILL RENOVATE THE MANOR THEN! I SHALL ADVISE AND DIRECT YOU."

"I SUGGEST THAT YOU REST NOW. WE WILL CONVERSE AGAIN LATER."



"IT WAS ONCE A PRISON, ITS USE IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT NOW. IT IS GOVERNED BY THE RCX."

RCX RESOURCES CONTROL EXECUTIVE.

"THE WORD FROM WHITEHALL IS THAT TIME IS SHORT. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE SOON, GABRIEL."



"IT'S GOING TO BE TIGHT, MICHAEL. WE HAVE OVER A HUNDRED WARRIORS NOW. THE COMPUTER EXTRAPOLATES THAT SEVENTY PER CENT ARE UNDER OUR TOTAL CONTROL."

"SOME ARE PRETTY SPECTACULAR."



"STERAZINE AND LOU REED JUST ABOUT KEEP THEM UNDER?"

"ANY UPDATE ON THE ASSAULT GROUP, RAPHAEL?"



"YEAH, THE NARGO-HYPNOSIS TEAM HAVE ELEVEN OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE UP TO OPERATIONAL STANDARD, COSTUMES, CODE NAMES, THE WORKS."

"I CALL THEM
CHERUBIM."



I DON'T BLAME
YOU, BRIAN, IT'S JUST
THAT HE HAD YOUR
EYES, AND HE CAME
INTO MY MIND, AND...

BETSY, I'M
HERE NOW, LET
ME HELP YOU...



CAPTAIN, YOUR
SISTER IS EXPERIENCING
A NATURAL AVERSION TO
YOU DUE TO THE TRAUMATIC
CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE
ASSAULT UPON HER.

HER RECOVERY
WOULD BE AIDED BY
YOUR ABSENCE, OR AT
LEAST DISTANCE.

YOU!
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW?



I WILL TREAT
THE QUESTION AS
RHETORICAL — AN
ANSWER WOULD
OCCUPY A TEDIOUS
AMOUNT OF TIME.

MY CONCERN IS
FOR THE WELL-BEING
OF THE CONSTITUENTS
OF THIS UNIT AND THE
EFFICIENCY OF ITS
FUNCTION.

A SERIES OF
EVENTS SPANNING
SEVERAL CONTINUUMS HAS
MADE US VULNERABLE...
EVENTS WHOSE SIGNIFICANCE
YOU DO NOT GRASP
ENCIRCLE US. STABILITY
IS THREATENED.













IT'S SOONER THAN I WOULD HAVE LIKED, BUT I THINK THE DRUGS WILL HOLD THEM. WHAT ABOUT HER? WILL SHE CO-OPERATE?

I THINK SO. SHE'S SCARED FOR THEM. THINKS THERE MIGHT BE SOME KIND OF DOGOM. WITHOUT US TO PROTECT THEM.



I HOPE WE CAN PERSUADE THE CAPTAIN TO SEE REASON. HE COULD BE TOUGH OPPOSITION.

WHY ARE THOSE POOR CREATURES IN THE BACK COMING WITH US?

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS COERCION, OLD CHUM. WE MUST GIVE HIM NO CHOICE.



POOR CREATURES? NO, THEY'RE AN EVOLUTION! WEIRD AND WONDERFUL! ARE THEIR POWERS - THEY'RE MAGICAL SPORTS OF A RUPTURED NATURE...

YEAH... WE USE THEM TO FIGHT.

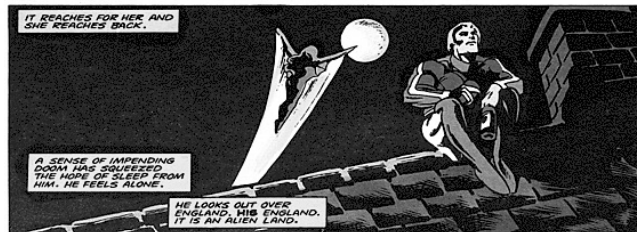


IN HER ROOM AT BRADDOCK MANOR, ANOTHER SPORT OF RUPTURED NATURE WONDERS AT HER LIFE. STRANGE POWER MOVES WITHIN HER. FRIGHTENING POWER.



SHE IS A GIRL GROWING INTO A WOMAN. SHE IS A FORCE STRUGGLING FOR AWARENESS.

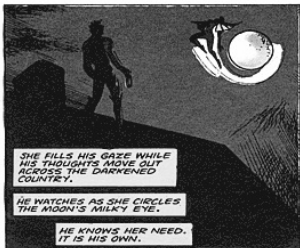
THE MOONLIGHT SILVERES HER WITH SENSATION... SHE BATHES IN IT.



IT REACHES FOR HER AND SHE REACHES BACK.

A SENSE OF IMPENDING DOOM HAS SQUEEZED THE HOPE OF SLEEP FROM HIM. HE FEELS ALONE.

HE LOOKS OUT OVER ENGLAND. HIS ENGLAND. IT IS AN ALIEN LAND.



SHE FILLS HIS GAZE WHILE HIS THOUGHTS MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DARKENED COUNTRY.

HE WATCHES AS SHE CIRCLES THE MOON'S MILKY EYE.

HE KNOWS HER NEED. IT IS HIS OWN.



IT'S SOMETIMES A COLD AND LONELY THING TO BE STRANGE...BUT THEN THERE'S THAT THRILL ISN'T THERE?



YOU DO CARE ABOUT ME, DON'T YOU, BRIAN? YOU WON'T MAKE ME LEAVE? I FEEL AT HOME HERE WITH YOU AND BETSY... OH I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN ARGUING ABOUT JEEVES AND...

AHEM!



FORGIVE THE INTRUSION, SIR. BUT THERE ARE STRANGERS AT THE GATE, AS IT WERE...

WHAT?

...INTRUDERS ARE PENETRATING THE MANOR'S OUTER SENSORY FIELD, SIR.



GOOD! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A FIGHT.

ME TOO.



TRY TO DETER THEM BY MANIPULATING YOUR HOLOGRAPHIC FIELD. WE'LL WAIT INSIDE... AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MY BLOODY HELMET...

I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED IT.

MIGHT I ALSO REMIND YOU, SIR, THAT PERSISTENT USE OF ALCOHOL IS DETRIMENTAL TO BOTH THE TEMPERAMENT AND THE PHYSIQUE.



I ADVISE CAUTION.

Next: **Childhood's End**

CHILDHOODS END

TO MINDS LESS PERCEPTIVE THAN THOSE OF THE RESOURCES CONTROL EXECUTIVE, THE APPROACH TO BRADDOCK MANOR IS A DAUNTING PROSPECT.



SPECTACULAR STUFF, EH?



IT'S THE REAL THING: A TOTALLY MALLEABLE HOLOGRAPHIC FIELD CONCEALING BRADDOCK MANOR.

SHALL I?

FEEL FREE.

Captain BRITAIN





LEFT ON THE OUTSIDE AGAIN,
MEGGAN'S THOUGHTS
WANDER INTO THE NIGHT.

SOMETHING
FIERCE AND
FEARFUL
FINDS HER.

A WILD MEWLING OF INFANT
RAGE THAT FILLS HER MIND,
SENDING HER SPILLING BACK
DOWN THE SHORT SLOPE OF
YEARS TO THE PAIN OF
CHILDHOOD.

HER PARENTS WERE
TRAVELLERS—AN
OLD RACE.

SHE—SHE
GREW IT WHEN
IT STARTED
GETTING
COLD...

... PLEASE
DON'T TURN
HER OUT,
FATHER...

... PLEASE! WE
DON'T HAVE TO TELL
ANYONE. WE CAN HIDE
HER—NOBODY NEED
EVER KNOW...

WHAT HAVE
YOU BIRTHED,
WOMAN? A
CHANGELING, A
WOLF-CHILD..?

WOLF-
CHILD?

IT CALLS WITH AN
IRRESISTIBLE
SIREN SONG...



IN THE DAYTIME, WHEN
THE MEN WENT TRADING
AND THE WOMEN AND
CHILDREN TOOK THINGS
TO SELL, SHE LIVED FOR
THE GLITTER OF THE
TELEVISION WORLD...

BUT HER WORST
NIGHTMARES WERE
REALISED TOO THERE
TERRIBLE TIME WHEN
THEY TOOK HER
AWAY — AND LOCKED
HER UP.

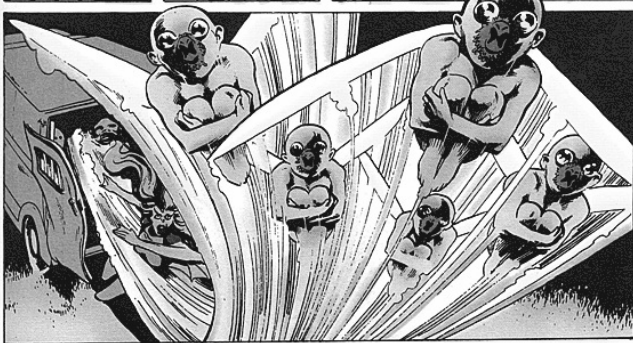
HER HORROR OF
CONFINEMENT IS
INSTINCTIVE.



...DREADING THE
NIGHTS WHICH
BROUGHT THE
SILVER DREAMS
THAT FLARED
HER NOSTRILS
AND PRICKED
HER EARS.



IT NUMBS HER —
ENGULFS HER.





BUT GENTLEMEN, THIS IS ENGLAND!



OH, BRIAN! DON'T BE SO BLOODY SHORT-SIGHTED! THINGS HAVE CHANGED. YOU HAVEN'T KEPT IN TOUCH...

SHE'S RIGHT, BRIAN. I'VE BEEN LIVING AMONGST ORDINARY PEOPLE. THE HATRED IS GROWING...



EVEN SO—WHY SHOULD I JOIN WITH YOU? WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE MY FACILITIES AND MY NAME BEHIND YOUR FACTION?

WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU?



IF YOU DON'T KNOW, IT'S NO GOOD TELLING YOU.

BECAUSE WE ARE THE REVOLUTION. WE ARE THE SALVATION OF THE LAND. BECAUSE WE WILL GIVE YOU A PLACE OF HONOUR AND A PURPOSE IN THE FUTURE...



THE PEOPLE WILL UNITE BEHIND YOU AS A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM AND STRENGTH. TOGETHER WE CAN BREED A NEW ERA.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, CAP? WE'RE ALL FREAKS TOGETHER... EH?

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS. YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!



I SAY NO?

BRIAN, WHY?

I WILL NOT BE MANIPULATED, NOR WILL I MANIPULATE OTHERS. THE FREE WILL OF MAN IS THE ONLY BASIC TRUTH. WE ALWAYS HAVE A CHOICE!





... INTO THE EYE OF
THE HURRICANE.

IT IS AS IF THE WIND
STRETCHES HER...PEELS
HER SKIN FROM HER.

...YOU ARE
BEAUTIFUL... LIKE
AN IRIDESCENT
BUTTERFLY...

WHAT?

YOUR
AURA... YOUR
POTENTIAL.

NEW FORCES RIPPLE
AND BEND HER...

YOU
DON'T NEED
TO APPEAR
AS YOU DO,
MEGGAN.

BUT I WAS
BORN LIKE THIS,
ALISON. I'LL
ALWAYS LOOK
LIKE THIS...

...LIGHT ENERGY DANCES
THROUGH HER...

NO! YOU
WERE LIKE SOFT
CLAY, MOULDED BY
THE FEAR AND
SUPERSTITION OF
YOUR PEOPLE...

THEY
MISUNDERSTOOD
YOUR POWER, YOUR
INSTINCT TO PROTECT
YOURSELF FROM
THE COLD...

SHE IS A RAINBOW
OF COLOURS...

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

PERHAPS
NOT NOW, BUT
WHEN YOU DO,
THE CATERPILLAR
WILL BECOME A
BUTTERFLY.

AT LAST SHE
UNDERSTANDS.

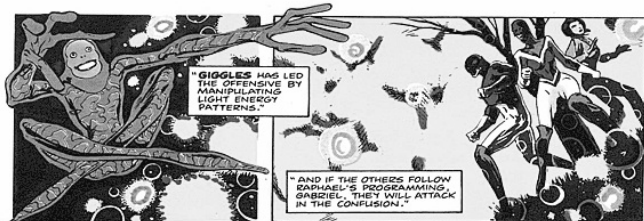


JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS

ANNIE HALFRACE IAN RIMMER
LETTERER EDITOR

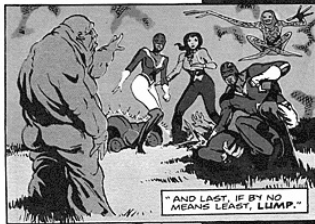
Next:

Winds Of Change





"... QUITE A CHARGE IF THEY TOUCH YOU TOGETHER."



"AND LAST, IF BY NO MEANS LEAST, LUMP."



"WHO CAN CONFRONT YOU WITH YOUR MOST FEARED NIGHTMARES."



"YES, MICHAEL, A REMARKABLE ABILITY WHICH I FEAR WILL ONLY AGGRAVATE THE SITUATION IN THIS INSTANCE."



"AND I'M NOT WISHING TO BE PEDANTIC, BUT YOU'VE OMITTED THE GROUPS MOST DANGEROUS MEMBERS FROM YOUR COMMENTARY CATALOGUE."



"WELL, WE SOON POLISHED THEM OFF."



"BRIAN! HOW CAN YOU GLOAT? THEY'RE CHILDREN!"

"YEAH, AND HERE COME THEIR PLAYMATES."

"AH YES, THE PSYCHONIC QUINTET."

Captain BRITAIN

WINDS OF CHANGE



WHAT
NOW
TOUGH
GUY?

BETSY
WHY
DON'T
YOU
JUST

WHY ARE WE
HIDING, ARTHUR?
IS IT THEM NAZI
BOMBERS
AGAIN?

THE CHERUB
WHIRLWIND.

... ARMAGEDDON.

YEAH...
ARMA-GEDDON
OUT OF HERE...

SHE THINKS
IT'S THE BLITZ. I
HAVE HER UNDER
SUBLIMINAL
CONTROL.

JEEVES - YOU'RE
NOT HUMAN, BUT I
DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE SENSOR READING...
WHAT ARE YOU?

THE CONCEPT
IS SOMEWHAT
ADVANCED. THIS
CONSTRUCT IS
SOLID LIGHT.

I
HOWEVER
SURROUND
YOU.

FAR
OUT.

JAMIE DELANO
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE MALLACREE
LETTERER
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR



HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS SHE BATHES IN SILVER MOONLIGHT...

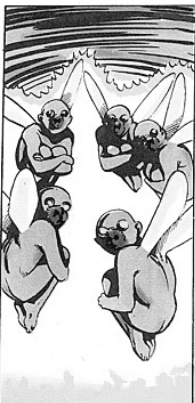
TIME IS SLOW IN THIS COLD, ETHEREAL WORLD...

SHE SAVOURS IT...

...THEN DROPS...



...HER NEW BODY HOWLING WITH SHEER JOY.



TELL ME, AH... JEEVES, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE R.C.X. LOCATING HERE AT BRADDOCK MANOR?

I DO NOT FEEL ANYTHING, SIR, BUT I COMPUTE A GREAT MANY ADVANTAGES IN SUCH A SITUATION.



GOOD. PERHAPS WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE CHAT THEN...

SOUNDS A BIT ROUGH UP THERE, DOESN'T IT, MA?

IT'LL BE THEM BLASTED LANDMINES, I EXPECT...





SUDDENLY THERE
IS NO MORE WIND.

EVERYTHING
IS STILL.



C'EST
FORMIDABLE...

IT LOOKS
LIKE PICK-UP-THE
PIECES TIME.



DEAD...
SHE'S WIPED
THEM OUT.

YEAH...THE
PROVERBIAL
FALLEN ANGEL.
WHO IS SHE?



MEGGAN!
YOU DID IT!
YOU CHANGED.

MEGGAN?!

YES, SHE'S GROWN
UP... REALISED
HER POTENTIAL.

POTENTIAL?

YES, AS I TRIED
TO TELL YOU —
BETWEEN ALIEN
VISITATIONS
AND DRUNKEN
SULKS.

HER APPEARANCE
AS A WEREBEAST WAS
A STATE FORCED ON HER
BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS
FEARS OF HER PEOPLE
BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND THE TRUE
SCALE OF HER POWERS.

ER...

NOW SHE
DOES.

HOW DO
YOU FEEL,
MEGGAN?

HMM...
I...

I'M NOT
SURE...



AT FIRST IT HURT... THE CHILDREN. THEY TRIED TO POSSESS ME WITH THEIR ANGER.

BUT NOW, I FEEL... WARM... TINGLING...

MMM WONDERFUL.

AND... OH NO, DID I DO THAT?



THIS MUTANT'S POWER IS INCREDIBLE. SHE MUST BE RESTRAINED...

OR ELIMINATED, WE CAN'T RISK ANOTHER JASPER.

YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER! YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS!



I KNOW I DID WRONG, BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO STRONG BEFORE.

I DIDN'T THINK. JUST DID IT.



I UNDERSTAND. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

OH BRIAN, I'M SCARED. THEY ALL HATE ME, I CAN FEEL IT!

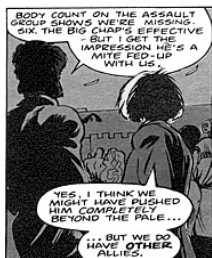
NO, MEGGAN, IT'S NOT THAT THEY HATE YOU, BUT THEY ARE AFRAID...

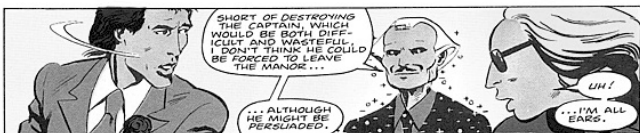
...AFRAID OF YOUR POWER.



YOU WON'T LET THEM TAKE ME AWAY, WILL YOU? YOU WON'T LET THEM HURT ME?

NO ONE CAN HURT YOU NOW. YOU'RE A MATCH FOR THEM ALL.









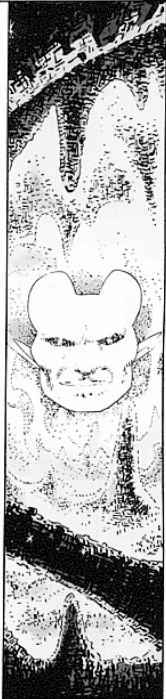
YES, OUR CONTACTS WERE EXTREMELY HELPFUL. THE NEWS SHOULD BREAK SOON.



...I DON'T KNOW WHY!
BUT THEY SEEM LIKE
SERIOUS PEOPLE AND THEY
SAY THAT IF YOU'RE NOT
HERE BY WEDNESDAY
THEY'RE GOING TO DO
SOMETHING SAVAGE AND
UNPLEASANT TO ME...

OKAY,
JAMIE, DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
BE THERE...

SO SIMPLE TO GUIDE
THEM, TO ALIGN THEM.
SUCH BASIC INTELLECT.
THEIR DESIRE FOR
TREACHERY IS
INNATE.



Next:

**African
Nightmare**

Captain BRITAIN

JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE HALFACREE IAN RIMMER
LETTERER EDITOR

ARE YOU
SURE THIS IS THE
EMPEROR'S COMPOUND?
THERE DON'T SEEM TO
BE ANY GUARDS...

WELL,
THAT'S WHAT THE
VILLAGERS
SAID...

AND YOU'RE SURE
YOU UNDERSTOOD THE
LOCAL DIALECT?

YEAH, HONEST.
I DON'T KNOW HOW,
BUT I DID...

JUST
ANOTHER POWER.
MEGGAN, YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT. WHAT
ELSE DID THEY
SAY?

WELL, THEY SEE
HIM MORE AS A GOD
THAN AN EMPEROR.
THEY CALL HIM
DOCTOR CROCODILE...

BUT HIS REAL
NAME'S JOSHUA N'DINGI.
HE'S THE SON OF THE OLD
CHIEF, EDUCATED IN ENG-
LAND. HE'S ONLY RECENTLY
TAKEN CONTROL IN
MBANGWI...

DO YOU THINK
HE KNOWS THAT
WE'RE HERE?

THE FACT THAT WE
FLEW UNDER OUR OWN
POWER MIGHT PUT US
ONE MARCH AHEAD...

ANYWAY, HE'LL
KNOW IN A MINUTE.
NO-ONE, EMPEROR OR
CROCODILE, KIDNAPS MY
BROTHER AND GIVES
ME ULTIMATUMS...

AFRICAN NIGHTMARE





CAPTAIN
BRITAIN, I PRESUME.
THANK YOU FOR
YOUR VERY SPECTA-
CLAR ACCEPTANCE
OF MY INVITATION.

I'M SORRY THAT
I WAS NOT THERE
TO GREET YOU IN
PERSON, BUT I
AM VERY SHY...



I DEMAND THE
IMMEDIATE RELEASE
OF MY BROTHER, AND
AN EXPLANATION OF
YOUR ACTIONS,
OR I WILL...

TURN
ME INTO
HANDBAGS,
PERHAPS?
YOU ARE
A FOOL,
CAPTAIN.



NOW SMELL
THE BREATH
OF DOCTOR
CROCODILE.

GAS!

FOOSH



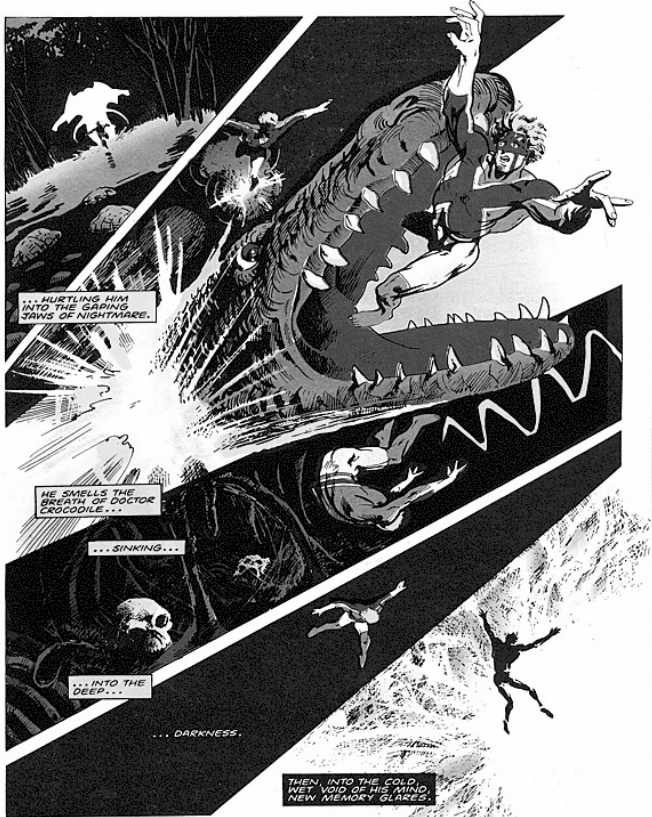
WITHOUT WARNING
IT BEGINS...

THERE IS NO TIME
FOR THOUGHT.

HIS MIND, STRIPPED
BARE, IS FILLED WITH
FLIGHT, AND FRIGHT.

HE RUNS.

TERROR TRUMPETS
IN HIS EARS...



... HURLING HIM
INTO THE GAWING
JAWS OF NIGHTMARE.

HE SMELLS THE
BREATH OF DOCTOR
CROCODILE...

... SINKING...

... INTO THE
DEEP...

... DARKNESS.

THEN, INTO THE COLD,
WET, VOID OF HIS MIND,
NEW MEMORY GLARES.





A TIME OF
CUTTING
AND STITCHING...

...OF GRAFTING
AND GROWING.



A TIME
OF PAIN
AND FEAR.

I HOPE
THAT YOUR NEW
APPEARANCE
WON'T BE TOO
MUCH OF A
SHOCK, JOSHUA.

THE WARPY'S
SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION
DIDN'T LEAVE
ME WITH MUCH
RAW MATERIAL
TO WORK ON.

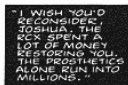


THE SURGERY
WAS DRASTIC, I
USED SOME NEW
TECHNIQUES. THE
RESULTS ARE
NOT PERFECT.

WHAT DO
YOU THINK?



HE THINKS OF
A CHILD THAT
EXPLODED.



"I WISH YOU'D
RECONSIDER,
JOSHUA. THE
RCX SPENT A
LOT OF MONEY
RESTORING YOU.
THE PROSTHETICS
ALONE RUN INTO
MILLIONS."



HE IS THE CHIEF NOW. HE
MUST BE ALERT, STRONG.
HE MUST DEED JUSTICE
FOR HIS PEOPLE.

THE ENEMIES OF MBANGWU
ARE THE ENEMIES OF...

HE THINKS OF A
DEAD FATHER
AND A LAND
WHICH NEEDS
WAR. A DUTY FOR
GOVERNMENT
WHICH HE MUST
ASSUME.

... DOCTOR
CROCODILE.





"SEE THE LIFE OF LUXURY
YOUR ACCOMPLICE HAS
TORN FROM THE BELLIES
OF THE STARVING."

"SEE THE
CORRUPTION
TO WHICH HE
PANDERS..."

WELL,
GENTLEMEN,
WHO WILL BEGIN
THE BIDDING? DO
I HEAR TEN
THOUSAND...?

"...TRADING..."

...TWENTY
THOUSAND...

STILL
STAGGERING
ABOUT IN THE
DARK, EH?

"...IN BLOOD..."

...THIRTY
THOUSAND...

"...AND MISERY..."



THESE CRIMES
ARE YOUR CRIMES,
CAPTAIN. THE BLOOD
OF MY PEOPLE IS ON
YOUR HANDS.

NO!

I'VE NEVER
INTENTIONALLY
HURT ANYBODY!
I'VE FOUGHT ONLY
FOR GOOD!

YOU
SNIVELLING,
SPINELESS
TOAD.

WHAT!?

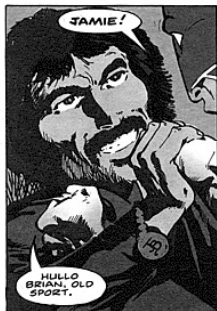
YOU'VE ALWAYS
HIDDEN BEHIND
SOCIETY'S LAWS,
PROTECTING THE
WEAK, THE SCUM
THAT HAVEN'T THE
STRENGTH TO
DESERVE LIFE...

AFRAID TO
INDULGE YOUR
PASSIONS.

THIS IS
THE GUILTY
ONE!

THIS IS
THE FILTH
THAT...

OH GOD.
IT CAN'T
BE...





MEGGAN, WHAT CAN I DO? FIRST BETSY SIDES WITH THOSE RABBLE FROM THE RCX, AND NOW JAMIE TURNS OUT TO BE SOME KIND OF MONSTER.

EVERYTHING CHANGES TOO FAST. IT MAKES ME WANT TO HIDE...



YOU NEVER KNEW JAMIE VERY WELL, DID YOU?

HE WAS OLDER THAN ME. HE ALWAYS LIKED TO ENJOY HIMSELF. I USED TO ADMIRE HIM FOR THAT.



NOW IT MAKES ME SICK TO KNOW THAT HE'S MY BROTHER.

I HOPE THEY KILL HIM.



BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE WHEN THEY DO. I'VE GOT TO GO, NOT BACK TO THE MANOR ...ANYWHERE BUT THERE.

COME WITH ME.



SWOLLEN AND HEAVY, THE BLOOD-RED SUN WOBBLIES UPWARD, FLAMINGOES, WITH WINGS AFLAME, CLATTER INTO THE AFRICAN DAWN.

BELOW, ALONE, DOCTOR CROCODILE BREATHES THE DRY, RUTHLESS AIR AND TURNS TO CONSIDER JUSTICE.

Next: **The House Of Baba Yaga**

HE WATCHES AS, IN THE COMPANY OF WOLVES, SHE COURSES THE ANCIENT, SNOW-SHEATHED LAND OF HER ANCESTORS...

... INTOXICATED WITH THE WILD MAGIC THAT HAS GROWN WITHIN HER.

THE LONELY WIND PLUCKS HER NAME FROM HIS TIGHT LIPS...

DON'T WORRY, BRIAN. THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BITE YOU.

MEGGAN!

THE FOOD'S READY... TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO GO HOME.

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THEM...

I'M SORRY. DO I LOOK A BIT FIERCE? IT'S THE POWER. DON'T LET IT MAKE YOU SCARED OF ME...

IT DOESN'T SCARE ME... IT FASCINATES ME.

I KNOW YOU'D JUST AS SOON CURL UP WITH THE WOLVES... AND I DON'T WANT TO STOP YOU REDISCOVERING YOUR ROOTS...

BUT I DO WISH WE COULD FIND SOME SHELTER. IT'S NOT THE COLD, MY FORCE FIELD PROTECTS ME FROM THAT... BUT I MISS HAVING A ROOF OVER MY HEAD.

I'M SORRY TO BE SUCH A SPOIL-SPORT...

BRIAN! STOP APOLOGISING AND COME ON!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOU'LL SEE.

THERE ...

I FOUND
IT EARLIER.

THE HOUSE OF BABA YAGA

SOMETHING'S
WRONG, MEGGAN. I'M
NOT SO SURE WE SHOULD
BE HERE. IT FEELS...
STRANGE ...

IT'S JUST
BECAUSE IT'S AN
OLD EMPTY HOUSE.
YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT
WHEN YOU GET A
FIRE GOING...

JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS

NOEL DAVIS
ART ASST.

ANNIE HALFACREE
LETTERER

IAN RIMMER
EDITOR

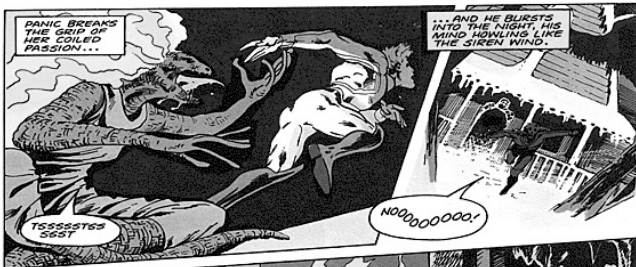




HORROR, OLD AND CRUEL,
FILLS HER IN BLACK,
GULPING LUNGFULS,
WRENCHING AND CONTORTING
HER TO ITS SHAPE.

SHE CHOKES HIM IN HER
COLD EMBRACE, SQUEEZING
FEAR FROM HIM IN A
SHRIEKING STREAM.

YEEUURGHAAH!



PANIC BREAKS
THE GRIP OF
HER COILED
PASSION...

... AND HE BURSTS
INTO THE NIGHT, HIS
MIND HOWLING LIKE
THE SIREN WIND.

TSSSSSTSS
SSST

NOOOOOOOOO!



IT LEAVES
HER...

... LIMP...

... AS IF ABANDONED
BY SOME GHASTLY
TIDE.



BLIND WITH MISERY,
SHE LETS THE HOUSE
COMB HER INTO THE
DEPTHS OF ITS
DANGEROUS GEOMETRY.

... SOMETHING
OLD AND DRY...

... AND HUNGRY.

AND THIS IS
WHERE IT
LIVES.

SCOURED BY THE
FORCE WHICH
SWEEPED HER...

SHE IS
WEAK.

BUT, SLOWLY, A
RECKLESS ANGER
LIGHTS A FIRE
AGAINST THE
STILL COLD.

SOMETHING HAD
ENTERED HER
AND TRIED TO
MAKE HER HURT
THE CAPTAIN...

WHO'S THERE?
WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS...?



CAN YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN THE
NAME OF SABA YAGA?
NO... I SMELL THE BLOOD
OF THE SNAKE IN YOUR
VEINS...



DAUGHTER —
YOU ARE
WELCOME HERE.
COME FORWARD.
GREET YOUR
SISTERS.



WHY DO YOU HESITATE?
COME, EMBRACE YOUR
FAMILY. YOU ARE HOME.
DID YOUR BLOOD NOT
SING YOU TO THIS PLACE?



DID YOU
NOT BRING THE
OFFERING OF
FLESH?

ACHH! KEEP
THEM AWAY FROM
ME! THEY'RE NOT
MY SISTERS! I
BROUGHT YOU
NOTHING!



WHY DO YOU LIE,
CHILD? EVEN NOW THE
OFFERING IS THRUST
STRUGGLING, INTO THE
EARTH.

JUST AS ONCE,
YOUR SISTERS IN
THEIR TURN WERE
THRUST, STILL BREATHING,
INTO THE GRAVES OF
THEIR HUSBANDS.

THE FOOD
COMES. EAT
WITH US.

HIS HEART BEATS
TIME FOR HIS
POUNDING LEGS.

... BUT THERE
IS NOTHING
TO FIGHT...

HIS FLESH STILL
CRAWLS WITH THE
MEMORY OF HER
MONSTROUS TOUCH.

MEGGAN...

HE DOES NOT
WANT TO RUN...

MEGGAN!

... EXCEPT
THE TREES...

... AND THE
EARTH, WHICH
OPENS ITS
FROZEN JAWS
TO RECEIVE HIM.

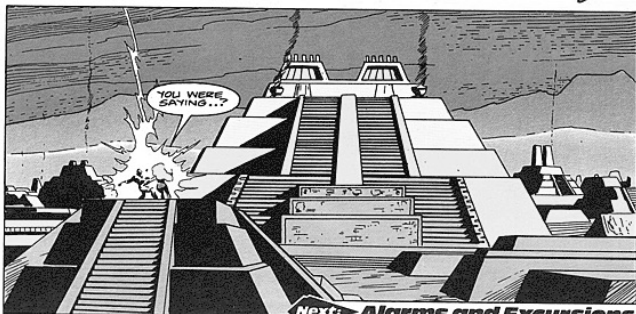




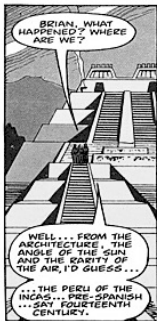
DEEP INSIDE HER, ANCIENT LEGENDS OF DARKNESS AND BLOATED FEAR STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION.







Next: Alarms and Excursions



BRIAN, WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE WE?

WELL... FROM THE ARCHITECTURE, THE ANGLE OF THE SUN AND THE RARITY OF THE AIR, I'D GUESS...

...THE PERU OF THE INCAS... PRE-SPANISH ...SAY FOURTEENTH CENTURY.



I'VE SEEN THE ONE THAT BROUGHT US HERE BEFORE. SHE WAS AT BRADDOCK MANOR WITH THAT HORRIBLE WOMAN-THING, GATECRASHER.



SHE'S CALLED FASCINATION. WATCH YOUR STEP, SHE CAN BE A BIT...

HEY!



...UNPREDICTABLE...

Captain BRITAIN

ALARMS and EXCURSIONS

HELLO, CAPTAIN, AND IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE CHICKEN, GROWN INTO A BEAUTIFUL SWAN!



JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
NOEL DAVIS ANNIE HALACREE
ART ASST. LETTERER
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR



"THE FIRST DISASTER WAS ON THE WERE-WORLDS, WHERE WE WENT TO DEAL IN DRAGON SCALES."



"FULL MOONS."



"IT WAS A MISTAKE WHICH ANYONE COULD HAVE AVOIDED, BUT IN THIS CASE IT LEAD TO..."

"TRAGEDY."



"WE HELD THE WAKE IN A RAGROCK BAR. IT WAS A SOLEMN OCCASION..."

TO OUR DEAR DEPARTED COMRADE...

"...UNTIL THE BERSERKER PIRATES ARRIVED TO HELP US MOURN."



"THEIR LEADER, AN UNCOUTH BUTCHER, WAS OFFENSIVE."

THERE'S A MUD WALLON NEAR HERE. LET'S GO WRESTLE...



ANIMAL!

"MY REPRIMAND WAS OVER VIGOROUS, I FEAR..."



"AND THE PAYING OF BLOOD MONEY TO HIS STRICKEN FAMILY WAS AN UNAVOIDABLE CONSEQUENCE."

THAT'S ALL OF IT... YOU VULTURES!

"WE WERE GENEROUS TO A FAULT."

"THE OTHERS BLAMED ME FOR OUR UNFORTUNATE RUN OF BAD LUCK. AS THE LEADER OF OUR LITTLE GROUP I GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED THEIR CRITICISM."

"SHOVE OFF, THEN, YOU UNGRATEFUL SLIME! I ONLY KEPT YOU AROUND FOR LAUGHS!"

"A YOUNG ORGANISATION THAT HAD READ OF OUR MISFORTUNES IN THEIR HISTORY BOOKS AND TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION."

ONLY FASCINATION REFUSED THEIR PERSISTENT OFFERS AND REMAINED WITH ME IN MY HOUR OF NEED...

Er. Mother...?

"BUT THEN THE MULTINOUS RABBLE DESERTED ME, TO GAIN EMPLOYMENT WITH ONE OF OUR FUTURE COMPETITORS..."

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE TO WALLOW IN SELF PITY. SO, AVAILING MYSELF OF THE BENEFITS OF MY STATUS, I ATTENDED A CELEBRATION HELD BY THE DESPOT OF KANDAHAR."

I SMELL A PARTY BONEBAG!

"THE DESPOT SEEMED FASCINATED BY ME..."

"IT TURNED OUT HE WAS A COLLECTING NUT... MATHEMATICAL EPHEMERA, PYTHAGORAS' COMPASSES, NEWTON'S APPLE, GORON'S PHOTON-COUNTER, THAT SORT OF THING. SOON ASCERTAINED WHAT OBJECT HE COVETED ABOVE ALL OTHERS..."

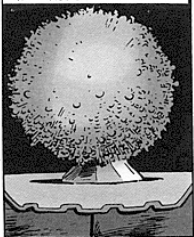
...AND YOU'D PAY FOR THAT, WOULD YOU?

...A PERFECT MATHEMATICAL MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE FORMED OUT OF ROCK CRYSTAL, REVERED BY SOME PRIMITIVES IN A CITY WHICH ALL RECORDS SHOWED WAS DOOMED TO EXTINCTION BY AN EARTHQUAKE...

"WE HAD A NICE CHAT ABOUT HIS HOBBY..."

"IT WAS ON EARTH, CAPTAIN. YOUR EARTH. PERHAPS I WAS RASH, BUT I WAS A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER..."

"MY PLAN WAS FOR THE LIZARD TO ESTABLISH THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE MODEL, AND THEN FOR FASCINATION TO REACH IN AND REMOVE IT... FROM THE JAWS OF THE EARTHQUAKE AS IT WERE..."



"...IN THIS WAY, SINCE THE MODEL WAS DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION, REMOVING IT WOULD NOT INTERRUPT ANY CAUSAL CONTINUUM."



"UNFORTUNATELY, THOUGH DEAR FASCINATION IS A LOYAL CREATURE, HER INTELLIGENCE IS BARELY EQUAL TO ONE OF YOUR DOMESTIC PETS..."

"AFTER NUMEROUS ATTEMPTS, RESULTING IN THE APPROPRIATION OF ASSORTED TRINKETS, WE REALIZED THAT SHE COULD NOT IDENTIFY THE MODEL WITHOUT ITS SCENT."



"WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, IS HOW SHE LOCATED YOU SO EASILY."

"I DECIDED TO TRY THE GODS-FROM-THE-SKY APPROACH."

ON YOUR KNEES, INKLE DOGS!

Inca. Mother. Call them Incas.



"THEY SHOWED DUE DEFERENCE..."



There's certainly a lot of gold about.

HOW VULGAR.

"... AND THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF FEAR."

"EVEN THE PRIESTHOOD WAS SMILING AND OBSEQUIOUS..."



"THEY OFFERED TRIBUTE..."

"WE ASKED FOR THE CRYSTAL MODEL."

"THEY SAID THE BANQUET WAS A NECESSARY PART OF THE ACCEPTANCE CEREMONY. IT PAINS ME THAT I DID NOT SUSPECT..."



"THE FIRST TREMORS STRUCK AT THE SAME TIME AS THE POISON IN THE FRUIT."

"FORTUNATELY, FASCINATION'S SPECIES FEEDS ON THE EXCESS EMOTIONAL ENERGY OF SENTIENT BEINGS, SO SHE HAD NOT EATEN ANY OF THE FRUIT."

Mother...

FLUUB!

"I ONLY JUST MANAGED TO TELEPATHICALLY INSTRUCT HER TO BRING YOU HERE BEFORE I PASSED GRACEFULLY INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS"

"WE CAME TO DOWN HERE WITH THAT CACKLING HIGH PRIEST GLOATING OVER US..."

...SO, GODS, IF YOU REMAIN IN THE COOL WATER THE MANY PARASITE EGGS WHICH YOU HAVE EATEN MAY NOT HATCH!

"I WAS HUMILIATED."

ENOUGH, ENOUGH! YOU'LL HAVE ME IN TEARS! BASICALLY, WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THAT, THROUGH ARROGANCE AND INEPTITUDE, YOU'VE BLUNDERED INTO DISASTER AND TURNED ALL YOUR FRIENDS AGAINST YOU. YES?

Not me, Mother.

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?

YOU COULD SHOW SYMPATHY, CAPTAIN. IF NOT FOR ME, THEN FOR MY COMPANION...

YOU FAT HYPOCRITE!

YOU COULD ALSO FETCH THE REMEDY...

THE LIZARD GOT THE SECRET FROM THE HIGH PRIEST'S MIND. THE RAW MATERIALS ARE, AS ONE WOULD SUSPECT, BOTH RARE AND INACCESSIBLE.

THIS MAKES US EVEN... RIGHT?

HURRY, BRIAN, I CAN FEEL THE EARTHQUAKE BUILDING...

HE FINDS IT. A MYSTIC
HERB GROWING IN THE
RUINS OF A TEMPLE
GARDEN, HIGH ON THE
SLOPES OF A DISTANT
MOUNTAIN.

... AND, IN THE
SILENCE OF THE
FILTERED LIGHT,
TUGS IT FROM
THE SHELTERING
EARTH.

AS IT SQUIRMS AND
WRIGGLES IN HIS
HAND, A THIN HIGH
WHISTLE DRILLS THE
AIR.

WINGS BEAT AND
TALONS GLEAM.
A HUGE SHADOW
RIDES THE HUMMING
AIR.

INSTINCT TWISTS
HIM FROM THE
CUTTING CLAWS.

BIRDS!

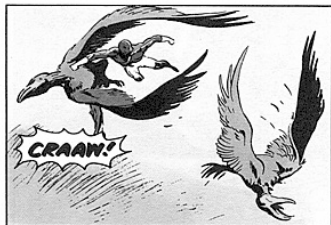
CREEEECH!

BUT SURELY NO BIRD AS BIG
AS THIS EVER LIVED ON EARTH.

I'VE NEVER SEEN
AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL
SPECIMEN OF ANY-
THING LIKE THIS...
THEY MUST BE
MUTATIONS OF
SOME SORT!

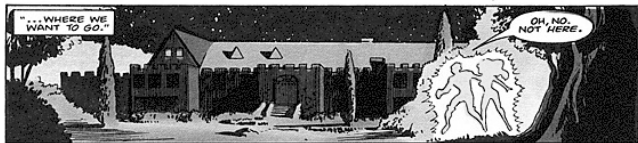
NO TIME TO
WORRY ABOUT
THAT NOW...

AWK!









DON'T GO,
BRIAN, NOT
LIKE THIS...

YOU'VE MADE
YOUR CHOICE, BETSY.
YOU'RE WITH THE
RCK NOW.

YOU'VE GOT WHAT
YOU WANTED — BRIAN'S
GONE AND THE RCK HAS
TAKEN OVER THE MANOR,
SO WHY CAN'T YOU
LEAVE ME TO BUILD
A LIFE OF MY OWN?

AS A
FASHION
MODEL? HOW
FULFILLING...

BITTER MEMORIES
INTRUDE ON A
REALITY TOO PAINFUL
TO BEAR.

MEMORIES THAT JUMP INTO
FOCUS AS
FALTERING
CONSCIOUSNESS FAILS.

SPARE ME YOUR PREACHING
AND HIGH MORAL VIRTUE, GABRIEL.
THAT'S HOW YOU GOT ME TO JOIN
S.T.R.I.K.E.'S PSI DIVISION,
BUT I WON'T FALL FOR IT
AGAIN.

I DON'T WANT
TO BE CAPTAIN
BRITAIN.

**Captain
BRITAIN**

**It's
HARD
to be a
HERO...**

ALAN DAVIS
WRITER / ARTIST
ANNIE HALFACREE
LETTERER

NOEL DAVIS
ART ASST.
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR

AS A FRINGE GROUP WE'RE NOT VERY POPULAR IN CERTAIN INFLUENTIAL CIRCLES - BUT OUR ASSOCIATION WITH A NATIONAL HERO WOULD ENSURE FAVOUR WITH THE P.M.

WITHOUT THE PROTECTION THAT WOULD AFFORD, ALL WE'VE DONE SO FAR - INCLUDING THE SAFETY OF THE WARPPIES - WILL BE IN JEOPARDY.

WE NEED YOU, BETSY. YOU SHARE THE POWER.



WHY CAN'T YOU DO IT, LINDA? YOU DID IT ON YOUR OWN EARTH...

I'M SORRY, BETSY, I'D NEVER INTENDED MY INVOLVEMENT TO BE MORE THAN SHORT-TERM.

I HAVE MY OWN LIFE NOW, AND I'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO IT...

NO, I WON'T WEAR IT...

IT BELONGED TO THAT... THAT, IMPOSTER.

BUT MAYBE I COULD BE YOUR PARTNER FOR A FEW MONTHS, AND GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF MY EXPERIENCE...

AND WITH A BIT OF LUCK, BRIAN MAY HAVE SEEN SENSE AND COME HOME BY THEN...

OKAY, OKAY! I'LL... GIVE IT A GO...



I'VE ADAPTED THIS UNIFORM TO MATCH YOUR INDIVIDUAL PSI-RHYTHMS, AND FASHIONED IT IN A MANNER THAT SHOULD SATISFY YOUR SENSE OF STYLE.

NO.

ANY CHANCE YOU COULD DO SOMETHING WITH MINE, JEEVES? THE HOOD PUSHES THESE BEADS INTO MY SKULL, AND...



SO? HE'S DEAD MEAT NOW. YOU KILLED HIM - PRETTY CONVINCINGLY BY ALL ACCOUNTS. THE SUIT'S SPOILS OF WAR. YOU WON IT, FAIR AND SQUARE.

HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU YOU'RE REALLY SICK, MICHAEL?



YEAH, ALL THE TIME, BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT AFRAID OF WEARING DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES.

KNOCK

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS A LONG TIME AGO! I'D OUTGROWN THE STANDARD ISSUE UNIFORM—IT HAD NO CLASS! HOW'S YOURS, BETSY?

REALITY TRIES TO ASSERT ITSELF...

OH, LINDA, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. I NEVER REALISED IT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL SO POWERFUL!

NICE ONE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN. YOU HANDLED THOSE THUGS LIKE A VETERAN!

WHIFT

I CAN FLY. I CAN REALLY FLY!

SECURITIES

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN UK—I HAD A GOOD TEACHER!

...AND BRITAIN'S OWN DYNAMIC DUO WERE IN ACTION AGAIN TODAY WHEN THEY FOILED A BULLION ROBBERY IN LONDON'S WEST END...

BOW

THE PUBLIC AND THE MEDIA LOVE YOU, BETSY! OUR OPPONENTS WOULDN'T DARE OFFEND YOU BY SHUTTING US DOWN...

DO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE, LINDA? THESE PAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN SO EXCITING...

CONSCIOUSNESS FADES AGAIN AS VIOLENT REALITY FAILS TO STEM THE RAGING TIDE OF MEMORIES.

KREK

I'M SORRY, BETSY, BUT I MUST. ANYWAY, YOU DON'T NEED ME ANY MORE. YOU CAN COPE WITH ANYTHING NOW.

THIS IS
THE BIG ONE,
BETSY.

WHAT?

HIGH NOON, MA'AM! THE
VIXEN'S CALLED YOU OUT. SHE'S
KIDNAPPED TWO OF OUR AGENTS
AND A TRUCKLOAD OF WARDIES.
THREATENS TO TOP THEM IF YOU
DON'T TURN UP AT THE SOUTH
BANK BUILDING SITE ON THE
THAMES.

I SHOULD
HAVE EXPECTED
THIS...

I'LL BE
WALKING INTO
A TRAP!

IT WAS THE VIXEN WHO HIRED
SLAYMASTER TO ELIMINATE THE
PSI DIVISION YOU BELONGED TO, SO
THEY COULDN'T ALERT US TO THE
INFILTRATION THAT EVENTUALLY
LED TO S.T.R.I.K.E.'S DEMISE.

SHE HAS AN
INSANE SCHEME TO
RULE THE COUNTRY,
AS A SELF-APPOINTED
MONARCH. WE'VE
OBVIOUSLY BECOME
IMPORTANT ENOUGH
TO BE CONSIDERED
AN OBSTACLE...

YEAH, BUT IF YOU
DON'T GO IT'LL LOOK
LIKE WE CAN'T COPE.
OUR CREDIBILITY
WILL BE SHOT...

BE CAREFUL,
ELIZABETH.

I'VE A NASTY
FEELING THIS HIGH
NOON MAY TURN
OUT LIKE THE ST.
VALENTINE'S DAY
MASSACRE...

VIXEN!
I'M WAITING.

PATIENCE,
WOMAN. SAVOUR
THESE LAST FEW
SECONDS WHILE
YOU ARE STILL
ALIVE.

NO.

MORE
MEMORIES...OF
SHARED DEATH,
OF DEAD
FRIENDS...





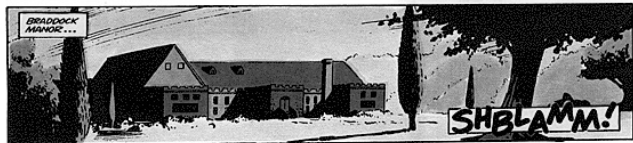
MEGGAN
YOU LITTLE...













Next: Should Auld Acquaintance...

Captain BRITAIN

DECEMBER 24TH,
11:30 A.M.

THIS IS
HOW CHRISTMAS
SHOULD BE...

Should Auld Acquaintance

SCRIPT AND PENCILS: ALAN DAVIS
INKS: MARK FARMER
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR: IAN KIMMER

...CUDDLED UP
IN FRONT OF A LOG
FIRE WITH Mince pies,
BRANDY AND NO
INTERUPTIONS.

Knock
Knock

I REALLY
WISH YOU HADN'T
SAID THAT...

WHO CAN IT BE?
IT'S FAR TOO LATE
FOR A SOCIAL
CALL...

WELL, UNLESS
SANTA IS HAVING
PROBLEMS FINDING
THE CHIMNEY, IT
COULD WELL BE
MORE...

TROUBLE.

DAI
THOMAS!

I'M FLATTERED
THAT YOU SHOULD
REMEMBER ME, CAPTAIN.
IT'S BEEN A LONG
TIME...

DON'T BOTHER
DENYING THAT YOU
ARE CAPTAIN BRITAIN.
I FIGURED IT OUT SOME
TIME AGO, AND I'VE KEPT
TRACK OF YOU EVER
SINCE.

ROUTINE POLICE
WORK, REALLY. BUT
THEN I SUPPOSE YOU
THINK ALL POLICE-
MEN ARE STUPID.

NO,
JUST YOU.

DON'T PUSH IT,
BRADDICK! I DON'T HAVE
YOUR PEDIGREE BUT I'M
MORE THAN A BOYD FROM
THE VALLEY WITH NOTHING
BUT COAL DUST BETWEEN
MY EARS! I...



I... I'M
SORRY.

IT WAS VERY
DIFFICULT FOR ME
TO HAVE COME
HERE. I'VE HAD TO
SWALLOW MY
PRIDE...

AND A
FAIR AMOUNT
OF DUTCH
COURAGE.

I'LL—I'LL
GET TO THE
POINT.



THERE HAVE
BEEN A SERIES OF
EXCEPTIONALLY BRUTAL
AND INEXPLICABLE
MURDERS UP IN
GLASGOW.

HOW
DOES THAT
CONCERN
ME?

ALL TWENTY-SEVEN
VICTIMS WERE KNOWN
VILLAINS, SO IT'S
LOGICAL, TO SUSPECT
SOME SORT OF
GANG-WAR.



I WANT YOU TO ROSE
AS THE EMISSARY OF
A CRIME SYNDICATE MOVING
INTO THE GLASGOW
AREA. HOPEFULLY,
WHOEVER IS
BEHIND THE
MURDERS WILL
FEEL THREATENED
ENOUGH TO COME
AFTER YOU.

BUT WHY DO
YOU NEED ME? SURELY
CATCHING MURDERERS
IS "ROUTINE POLICE
WORK."



THIS IS NO
ORDINARY! ALL
THE VICTIMS HAVE
BEEN HORRENDOUS-
LY MUTILATED...
AND AT INCREDIBLE
SPEED!

ONE WAS ALONE
FOR LESS THAN A
MINUTE, YET HE WAS
VIRTUALLY DISMANTLED.
A BUTCHER WITH A
CHAINSAW COULDN'T
INFLICT AS MUCH
DAMAGE SO QUICKLY.



ANOTHER VICTIM WAS CARRYING
A NINE MILLIMETER UZI. HE
FIRED A BURST OF APPROXIMATE-
LY TWENTY ROUNDS AT HIS
ATTACKER. EIGHTEEN BULLETS
WERE RECOVERED—ELEVEN
WERE SLICED OR SHREDDED,
FOUR WERE FLATTENED, AND
THREE WERE FUSED INTO
A SPHERE.

NOW I'VE LOST THREE
MEN—REAL PROS WHO
WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ANY
UNNECESSARY RISKS. ALL WERE
MUTILATED BEFORE THEY COULD
RADIO FOR ASSISTANCE...



AFTER THIRTY YEARS ON
THE FORCE I THOUGHT I'D SEEN
EVERYTHING—BUT I CAN'T BEGIN
TO IMAGINE WHAT SORT OF EVIL
MONSTROSITY IS BEHIND THIS...



I'M SCARED, BRADDOCK,
AND I'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO
TURN. PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME...



DARKMOOR.



UH!



ROMA!

I'M SORRY—I FELL ASLEEP WHILE I WAS WAITING. I CAME EARLY. IT ISN'T EVERYDAY I GET A SUMMONS FROM THE GUARDIAN OF THE MULTIVERSE...



YOU DREAMT OF YOUR HUSBAND.



NOT A DREAM... A NIGHTMARE.



RICK SENT ME HERE WHEN MY EARTH WAS BEING DESTROYED.



I WATCHED THE FURY KILL HIM...



IT IS AS A RESULT OF YOUR HUSBAND'S ACTIONS THAT I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO SUMMON YOU.

YOU ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD. YOUR PRESENCE IS AN ANOMALY THAT HAS PREVENTED THIS CONTINUUM FROM HEALING THE WOUNDS INFLICTED BY THE JASPER'S CREATURE...



THE DEFORMED CHILDREN YOU CALL WARRIORS CONTINUE TO BE BORN.

THE CRAZY GANG'S INSANITY SURVIVES TO POLLUTE THE INNOCENCE OF THIS LAND WHEN IT SHOULD HAVE PERISHED WITH ITS CREATOR.



YOU CANNOT REMAIN, OR THE DECAY WILL PERSIST.

WE MUST LEAVE FOR OTHERWORLD IMMEDIATELY.



DECEMBER 25TH.
7:30 A.M.

I DON'T LIKE
SNORING SEE, SO
I'M GONNA WASTE
YA! GET UP, FIG-
AN TAKE IT LIKE
A MAN!

WASSAMMAU...

BRADDOCK!
WHAT THE DEVIL
ARE YOU PLAYING
AT?

SORRY, BRIAN, THAT
WOULDN'T SCARE A GLASGOW
GODFATHER. IT SOUNDS TOO
CORTY. CAN'T YOU TRY TO
SOUND A BIT MORE LIKE
CLINT EASTWOOD?

THIS ISN'T A GAME!
IT'S A DANGEROUS
BUSINESS...

CLINT
WHO?

HEY, MAYBE
I SHOULD DO THE
TALKING, BRIAN. PLAY
IT HARD AND BITCHY.
YOU KNOW, LIKE JOAN
COLLINS!

MEGGAN, YOU ARE
LIVING PROOF THAT
TELEVISION CAUSES
IRREPARABLE BRAIN
DAMAGE!

CAN'T
YOU TWO BE
SERIOUS??

HOW
SHOULD I WEAR
MY HAIR?

WHAT DO YOU
THINK, MR. THOMAS?
LONG AND BLONDE?

SHORT
AND DARK?

I KNOW,
BUSHY AND
AUBURN.

NOW I NEED
THE RIGHT CLOTHES,
AND YOU'LL NEED
SOMETHING MORE
MACHO, BRIAN.

HOW—HOW DID
SHE DO THAT,
BRADDOCK?

TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT
SURE. MEGGAN'S POWERS
ARE STILL DEVELOPING, BUT
AMONG HER MANY BIDDING
ABILITIES IS THE CAPACITY
TO MANIPULATE HER
FORM....

I THOUGHT YOU
WOULD HAVE KNOWN
ALL ABOUT THAT, AS
THE LEADER OF THE
CAMPAIGN AGAINST
SUPERHUMANS!

ELIZABETH HAS MADE A REMARKABLE RECOVERY, GABRIEL.

YES, ALISON. THOUGH IT'S DUE MORE TO HER SPIRIT THAN JEEVES. RECENTLY HE SEEMS TO BE ENTIRELY DEVOTED TO EMMA...

RUN ALONG AND WATCH THE CHILDREN OPENING THEIR PRESENTS, EMMA. I HAVE ALL THE PREPARATIONS IN HAND.

THANK YOU, JEEVES! YOU'RE SO CONSIDERATE!

WHY DO YOU TOLERATE HER? SHE'S A WASTE OF SPACE... SHE SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME ASLEEP, ANYWAY.

YES, MICHAEL. THAT IS WHAT ALERTED ME TO HER CONDITION.

CONDITION?

I HAVE EXHAUSTED ALL OF MY RESOURCES IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND A CURE, BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO TO SAVE HER. SHE WILL DIE WITHIN THE NEXT YEAR.

STEADY ON, JEEVES! YOU'RE A COMPUTER-GENERATED SOLID LIGHT HOLOGRAM- YOU SOUND LIKE A LOVE SICK MORTAL!

PRIOR TO THE CAPTAIN'S RETURN IN NINETEEN EIGHTY-TWO, I MALFUNCTIONED FOR A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS.

DURING THAT TIME I TOOK CONTROL OF EMMA'S MIND AND HELD HER IN THRALL. THE EXPERIENCE CAUSED A GREAT DEAL OF DAMAGE TO HER NERVOUS SYSTEM. HER CONDITION IS DETERIORATING...



GLASGOW, DECEMBER 26TH,
5.45 P.M.



BRADDOCK
MANOR.

THANKS BUT NO
THANKS, GABRIEL. I'D
RATHER BE SIGHTLESS
THAN HAVE YOU FIT
THOSE BALL BEARINGS
TO MY HEAD.

PHOTO-
RECEPTIVE CYBERNETIC
IMPLANTATIONS ARE
BETTER THAN BEING
BLIND, ELIZABETH.



MICHAEL, I WANTED YOU TO BE
THE FIRST TO SEE THE SYN-
THETIC FORM I HAVE CREATED
TO ACCOMPANY EMMA ON A
LITTLE CELESTIAL I HAVE
PLANNED FOR HER.

YOU'RE
LEAVING?



MY LADY ROMA HAS
INFORMED ME THAT THE
CAUSE OF THE WARRIORS
HAS BEEN REMOVED, AND
NO MORE WILL BE
BORN...



YOU AND THE
RCK MAY REMAIN
TO ASSIST ME IN MY
TASK, BUT PLEASE
BE ADVISED...

I AM IN
CONTROL OF THIS
SITUATION.





THE TYRANT, MASTREX
OPUL LUN SAT-YE-NIN
IS MASSACRING HER
OWN PEOPLE...

BRIAN TOLD ME
ABOUT HER. SHE RULES
THE EARTH OF CAPTAIN
BRITON — THE DOPPELGÄNGER
OF BRIAN THAT BETSY
KILLED.

INDEED, A WORLD
THAT DESPERATELY NEEDS
A CAPTAIN. AND SINCE YOU
ARE A CAPTAIN WITHOUT A
WORLD, THERE IS AN OBVIOUS
SOLUTION...

WELL, I HAVEN'T
ANY OTHER PRESSING
ENGAGEMENTS... I
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE
IT A GO!

"THE FURY WAS SLAUGHTERING MY WORLD'S
HEROES..."

TO SHOW MY
GRATITUDE, I HAVE
A GIFT. PLEASE THINK
OF YOUR HUSBAND, OF
YOUR LAST MOMENTS
TOGETHER...

DON'T...

PLEASE.



"HE WAS
UNSTOPPABLE."



"WE WERE
TERRIFIED..."



"RICK SAID THE TELE-
PORTER WAS OUR ONLY
CHANCE."



"THE
FURY CAME
AFTER
US..."



"IT
LUNGED
AT
RICK..."



"FOR A MOMENT THE
FURY WAS CONFUSED,
BUT HE IGNORED HIS
LOSS AND CONTINUED
THE SLAUGHTER."



...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I REMEMBER IT
HAPPENING LIKE THAT...
BUT IT DIDN'T...



IT DID, BECAUSE I
REACHED BACK IN TIME,
TO THE INSTANT BEFORE
HIS DEATH, AND BROUGHT
HIM HERE.









HE TOLD ME IT WAS THE HIGGLOID BROTHERS THAT SENT HIM... CONVINCED HIM HE WAS ON A SACRED PURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD, AND PAID HIM A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY FOR EACH RIVAL HE ELIMINATED.

HE'S COMPLETELY INSANE, HE CLAIMS THAT CREATURE WAS HIS SON...



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A WAKEUP.

LISTEN, BRIAN, WHATEVER IT WAS, YOU SAVED MY BACON IN THERE. I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.

I HAD A FEW ROUGH MOMENTS MYSELF!



BUT YOU BEAT IT, WHILE I TURNED TO GIBBERING JELLY...

I OWE YOU A LOT, BRIAN. I MISTUDGED YOU. I... I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT MAKING SPEECHES...



WELL DON'T, I WAS GLAD I COULD HELP. IT GIVES MY POWER PURPOSE...

THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF I CALL ON YOU AGAIN, NEXT TIME I'M IN TROUBLE?

NOT AT ALL! WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE!

TAKE CARE, DAI.

BYE.



SO LONG, AND THANKS. IT'S BEEN... FUN...!



BAD MOON RISING

Plot and Art:

ALAN DAVIS

Script and Letters:

STEVE CRADDOCK

Colour:

STEVE WHITE

Editor:

CHRIS GILL

Originally presented in
**THE MIGHTY WORLD
OF MARVEL** No. 14
July 1984

TEA AND SYMPATHY

Script and Art:

ALAN DAVIS

Letters:

STEVE CRADDOCK

Colour:

STEVE WHITE

Editor:

CHRIS GILL

Originally presented in
**THE MIGHTY WORLD
OF MARVEL** No. 15
August 1984

IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES

Plot and Art:

ALAN DAVIS

Script:

MIKE COLLINS

Letters:

STEVE CRADDOCK

Colour:

STEVE WHITE

Editor:

CHRIS GILL

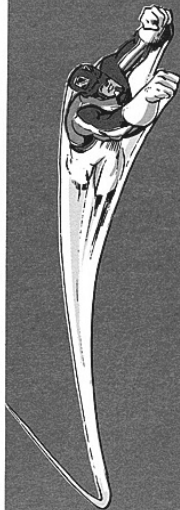
Originally presented in
**THE MIGHTY WORLD
OF MARVEL** No. 16
September 1984

PICTURES, PUZZLES & PAWNS

Title Design:

JOHN TOMLINSON

Captain BRITAIN



PRODUCTION CREDITS

Colour:

STEVE WHITE

Editor:

CHRIS GILL

Originally presented as
MYTH, MEMORY AND LEGEND,
in **CAPTAIN BRITAIN** No. 1
January 1985

LAW AND DISORDER

Colour:

STUART PLACE

Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 2
February 1985

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Colour:

STUART PLACE

Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 3
March 1985

SID'S STORY

Title Lettering:

ALAN DAVIS

Colour:

STUART PLACE

Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 4
April 1985

DOUBLE GAME

Title Design:

RICHARD STARKINGS

Colour:

STUART PLACE

Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 5
May 1985

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

Title Lettering:

RICHARD STARKINGS

Colour:

STUART PLACE

Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 6
June 1985

THINGS FALL APART

Title Lettering:
RICHARD STARKINGS
Colour:
STUART PLACE
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 7
July 1985

CHILDHOOD'S END

Title Lettering:
ALAN DAVIS
Colour:
LOUISE CASSELL
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 8
August 1985

WINDS OF CHANGE

Title Lettering:
ALAN DAVIS
Colour:
LOUISE CASSELL
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 9
September 1985

AFRICAN NIGHTMARE

Title Lettering:
ALAN DAVIS
Colour:
STUART PLACE
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 10
October 1985

THE HOUSE OF BABA YAGA

Title Lettering:
RICHARD STARKINGS
Colour:
NICK ABADZIS
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 11
November 1985

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS

Captain BRITAIN

Title Lettering:
RICHARD STARKINGS
Colour:
STUART PLACE
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 12
December 1985

IT'S HARD TO BE A HERO

Title Lettering:
RICHARD STARKINGS
Colour:
STUART PLACE
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 13
January 1986

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE

Title Lettering:
ALAN DAVIS
Colour:
STEVE WHITE
Originally presented in
CAPTAIN BRITAIN No. 14
February 1986



Original Series
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SIMON FURMAN

Trade Paperback
Editor and Designer:
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Trade Paperback
Assistant Editors:
ANDREW SEDDON
PERI GODBOLD

Managing Editor:
JENNY O'CONNOR

Production:
ALISON KINGWILL
JEZ METEYARD



PRODUCTION CREDITS

OUTRODUCTION

If it's hard to be a hero ... it's harder still to find a hero a home. As comic strip characters go, Captain Britain went – all over the place. He first saw print in 1976, in his own title – **CAPTAIN BRITAIN** weekly, published by Marvel UK even though the strip was being originated by Marvel US. When his title folded, the Captain moved into the weekly **SUPER SPIDER-MAN**, then on to guest-star in the UK-originated **BLACK KNIGHT** strip in **HULK COMIC**, also a weekly.

In September 1981, Captain Britain and readers alike were introduced to artist Alan Davis, in the pages of the monthly **MARVEL SUPERHEROES**. In collaboration with editor Paul Neary and writer Dave Thorpe, Alan Davis redesigned not only the Captain's costume, but also his whole world.

Shortly after Alan Moore assumed the role of scriptwriter on the strip, the Captain moved on again, this time to the pages of **THE DAREDEVILS**, another monthly title – one destined to last only eleven issues. But still the good Captain wouldn't die and, after a brief stint in the monthly **MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL** he found himself in his own title again – **CAPTAIN BRITAIN**.

Guiding Brian Braddock along that checkered publishing path have been quite a few famous names, including John Buscema, John Byrne, Chris Claremont and, of course Alan Davis and Jamie Delano.

Let us not forget some of the 'smaller' names that have played a part in the Captain's life, however. Bernie Jaye was the editor of the strip during its brief stint in **THE DAREDEVILS**, Steve Craddock and Annie Halfacree provided painstaking lettering skills, and utterly indispensable to me, during my period at the helm, was one of the Captain's long-time assistants and friends, John Tomlinson.

Then there's me. By all means ask, "... and who are you?!" but believe me when I say that working on **CAPTAIN BRITAIN** provided me with my most pleasurable memories and experiences during my time in comics.

There's little more to add except ... Cheers, Brian!

IAN RIMMER

Erstwhile Editor, **CAPTAIN BRITAIN**
New Malden, September 1988



Captain BRITAIN

THE STORY OF THE MAN BEHIND THE
LEGEND
BY **ALAN DAVIS, JAMIE DELANO &
MIKE COLLINS**

DIPPED IN MAGIC, CLOTHED IN
SCIENCE, **CAPTAIN BRITAIN** WAS
EMPOWERED BY **MERLIN** TO SAVE AN
UNSUSPECTING WORLD FROM THE
POWERS OF DARKNESS.

HIS COMPANIONS: SISTER,
BETSY-LATER KNOWN AS THE X-MAN
PSYLOCKE, AND THE WEREWOMAN,
MEGGAN.

HIS ADVERSARIES: THE RUTHLESS
VIXEN, THE TREACHEROUS
SAT-YR-NIN AND THE ABSURD
CRAZY GANG.

HIS ALLIES: THE UNPREDICTABLE
GATECRASHER AND HER
ILL-ASSORTED BAND OF
MERCENARIES, THE **TECHNET**.

HIS DESTINY:



UK £5.95 • US \$9.95
CAN \$12.95

